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Papers 35

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AND JOHN FALCON IN
BLOOD OATH

SPECIAL FEATURE

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The November investment totalled more than \$1.5 billion, bringing the fiscal year's total to more than \$3.5 billion.

BLOOD



REPORT BY ANDREW L. URBAN • STILLS BY JIM TOWNSEY

Shortly after the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, Japanese troops captured the Australian garrison on the little-known Dutch East Indies island of Ambon, 650 km north-west of Darwin. The Japanese established a Prisoner of War camp which would be the scene of atrocities and genocide. Six hundred Australians entered Ambon Island POW camp, three years later, one hundred and twenty were barely left alive. After the war, the Australian Army held a war-crimes trial on the island. *Blood Dark* is the story of that incredible trial, which herded together the ninety-one Japanese officers and men who had controlled and run the POW camp.

OATH





IN THE FILM, Bryan Brown plays the preening, Australian Army lawyer, Captain Robert Cooper. But Cooper was not his real name: it was Captain John Williams, then a junior army lawyer and now a retired judge. Brown, who met and had a long friendship with Judge John Williams on the set, says he did not struggle to portray the real man, but to create his own vision of the man. "I saw Cooper as something of an intellectual, formal and cerebral. I could relate to what he did, and took it from there."

Brown's Captain Cooper is a quintessential ' Aussie' - direct, no-nonsense, tough, sensitive, brash and clever all at once. It is the man many Australian males would like to think is their innermost language.

It was Judge Williams' son, Brian, who came across the transcripts of the trial and began the process of bringing it together as a film, also retaining writer-director Derek Whitcomb. Says actor Bryan Brown:

Brown and Brown met me the script about three years ago. We had a few beers and talked about it. I was very interested in the subject. Maybe was the power of history, of going close to something that had only been half revealed. This meant we could examine a certain time in history that was complex and, at the same time, unambiguous. You could see it had potential, it is about human beings in extreme situations.

Much the same can be said about filming it. Brown had grueling monologues that had to be word perfect. The courtroom staff was a reconstruction inside the Warney Queensland Studios, from old photographs of Judge Williams' flat. The tropical heat had to be manufactured, and director Stephen Wallace wanted "an Asian

informality" about the proceedings. "It took several days to work that out", says Brown. "But then it became interesting." (It's the fourth film on which Wallace and Brown have worked together.)

Brown was fascinated by working with the Japanese actors, who had been cast in Tokyo. Says Brown:

They are trapped by their customs and traditions. They wouldn't just say to the director: 'Hey, f--- it', so it is. One day, when Stephen and I were just talking away, they told me that they wished they could question freely as them. I made me see a bit better why they are as they are.

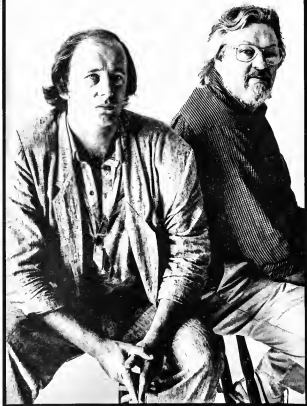
Both Brown and Wallace have high regard for the Japanese actors, not only for their professional talent but for their great stance in the subject. Says Wallace:

There are no war films shown in Japan, because they don't believe the characters. There is no good news about the war for them, they lost... Also, there is all this shame about the treatment of prisoners of war. That is our subtexture. We don't object to how the Japanese fought, we object to how they treated the POWs. And the Japanese never apologised for it. But, then, they haven't really dealt with it themselves.

But, as Wallace points out, the film is not only about the war. "It is as much about Japanese society." Wallace is highly articulate. My mother had been very affected by the Second World War and I had also wanted to make a film dealing with it. I'm glad I'm doing this. It is a dramatic script and matches on the Australian military experience. I need it, and perhaps Australia needs it.

Originally, I got very involved emotionally, it became a part of me. Now, I'm just trying to make the project work.

**"THERE ARE NO WAR FILMS SHOWN
IN JAPAN, BECAUSE THEY DON'T
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SCRIPTING BLOOD OATH

DENIS WHITBURN AND BRIAN WILLIAMS

*Brian Williams is the son of Judge Williams, who was the prosecuting lawyer at the Aumôn non-crimes trial. Putting that story in film has been for Williams a personal quest. After working in video and book retailing, Williams became a full-time scriptwriter. He has written several features, documentary and miniseries projects, and was script consultant on *Platoon*, now in production in *Tapeheads*.*

*His partner on *Blood Oath* is Denis Whitburn, a professional writer, whose credits include the Anglie-nominated play *The Secret of Plover Swamp* (1989) and the docu-drama *Woman on the Beach* (1984). He co-authored and co-produced the miniseries *The Last Station* (1981) and *Scoundrel*, which won Best*

IT WAS LATE 1984, just after the unilateral declaration of independence in Timor.

I was down playing in the garage—I was 13 at the time—when I found a trunk hidden at the back. I opened it and inside was a large pile of manuscripts of what appeared to be the trial of Japanese soldiers after the war. There were also a lot of photographs, including some of the mass graves at Aumôn. This was a great surprise to me as my father had never mentioned his involvement to me. It was part of the whole generation of silence that we had to breach. Eventually, he became more forthcoming.

As I grew older, I learnt a bit more about what had happened. That kind of got me going and for a long time I thought it should be told as a book. It wasn't until the late '80s, when I became involved in the film industry, that I decided that the best way to go was film.

To what extent was your interest bound up with your father's being involved?

WILLIAMS: Oh, very strongly. It was a whole hidden aspect of his life, an aspect prior to when I knew him. I wanted to find out who was of men he was and the kind of involvement he had with the trial. At first sight, his role could appear to pale in comparison. At that young age, one can't really understand what happened back in the war.

*Screening for a film series at the 1989 AFI Awards, and wrote the shooting script for the feature *Business Lesson* (1988). Recently, he scripted *The Secret Mountain Monks*, now in production, and *Backstreet Confidential*, which begins shooting in January 1990.*

The following interview begins with Williams' describing how he first came across his father's transcripts of the Aumôn trial.

What most fascinated you about the papers and the photographs?

WILLIAMS: The sheer scale of violence that my father was able to enter into and examine. It was beyond belief. You read the transcripts and they gave you the worst nightmares, especially the statements by the prisoners. It was really shocking.

So this project has always been with you from the age of twelve?

WILLIAMS: Yes, which brings me to the relationship with Denis. When I saw *The Last Station* on television in 1984, I decided immediately to approach the people involved. It was the final catalyst for me to get moving on that project. I then ran into Denis at a Screenwriters' Conference in Kalamunda. I remember saying, "Look, I think I have the respect to *The Last Station*."

Denis, how did you react to Brian's coming to you with the project?

that went on at the end of World War II. Even before the war was over, by late '44, the Allies had a pretty good idea that they were going to win back Europe. They weren't so sure about Japan, but they were working on the atom bomb and that was the ace up their sleeve. But the question that was being raised, even before Japan was defeated, was: What is going to happen to Hirohito? It was a question raised by the royal families of Europe, because Hirohito was of royal blood and it was unheard of for such a person - even of a defeated nation, who was from all the evidence very heavily involved in that nation's going to war - to be prosecuted.

WELLS: In fact, the complicating factor was that the Soviets had a man, a KGB agent as it turned out, who was MacArthur on who was to be prosecuted. The Soviets wanted the chief anti-Soviet Hirohito circle fellow, Prince Kowagi, to be prosecuted and, when MacArthur reluctantly agreed, the Prince committed suicide. That had some very serious ramifications.

WELLS: The other concern of the Americans was blocking off the Germanists at both the European and Asian ends. In Europe, they achieved that with the division of East and West Germany. In Asia, the Americans felt the only place where they could contain the Communism threat was Japan.

So, these two influences - the royal-family pressure out of Europe and the political concerns of having to contain the spread of Communism - led to Hirohito's being given immunity. That immunity then spread out like a ripple effect to his immediate circle. And undoubtedly these people who were guaranteed who then became the foundation for the political and business elite of Japan. That ultimately resulted in all the scandals involving corruption, etc., that have been going on for the past couple of years in Japan. In essence, the Americans set up the economic foundation that have virtually contributed towards the serious deterioration of the American financial system.

All this is seen in the film through the characters of Takahara [George Takei] and Beckler. Takahara, when the camp commander in the story, is part of the European's circle and there is no way in the world that the Americans, represented by Beckler, will let him be prosecuted, because that would open up a whole can of worms with ramifications throughout the rest of the war.

Were you at any time concerned that the script could result in an anti-Japanese film?

WELLS: We were tackling a subject matter that on the surface could be viewed as 'Jap-bashing', but it was always our intention that we would write a film about reconciliation. We set out to write drama that appeared to be one thing, but in fact intended to serve a different purpose. That's where we ended our test, and kept it from and



I going through the two years of writing.

From the beginning, we used the two of Furman films - *Ghostly Affair*, *The Killing Fields* and *The Museum* - as role models for the kind of film we wanted to make. These films involve men from conflicting cultures brought together on a high moral ground. That was the concept that we had for *Alone With You*.

Alone With You explicitly with Japanese war crimes. Is it correct that the Japanese have really had no opportunity to experience the kind of criticism that other countries and societies have experienced through films, such as the Vietnam movies in the U.S. and those on Nazi atrocities in Germany?

WELLS: The aspect of brutality by the Japanese against the Allies has been basically minimized throughout Japanese culture. There has been only a handful of films that attempt to approach the subject, such as *The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On*, which delves into the matter of atrocities by Japanese soldiers in New Guinea, on both their own people and the Allies. Also, in 1988, there was a feature documentary made by NHK in Japan, at a cost of \$16 US million, *The Tokyo Trial*. It really goes into the historic perspective of why Japan went to war with China, and why Japan opened up that war into the Pacific.

But, yes, the Japanese haven't gone through the same catharsis that America is experiencing with its post-Vietnam films.

Was that a consideration in writing the script?

WELLS: Not really, because we were told by a number of 'experts' - and one tends to listen up against 'experts' all the time in this business - that there was no way that the Japanese would ever completely disavow a film like this. We did not agree with that. But, at the same time, we did not concern ourselves with this issue as it would have hindered the creative development of the story.

Is you are filmmaking in a future area of co-operation between Australia and Japan?

WELLS: Well, it's interesting that the three Japanese actors in the film - who are, by the way, quite exceptional - brought a conscience and a sensitivity we had not seen before. They're very far in contrast



this relationship between Japan and Australia through their craft. But, Brian and I don't really see much of a cross being made by the Australian creative community, or by the Japanese creative community, to bring the two industries together.

WILLIAMS: David Paterson is doing it.

WHITELAM: Yes, and there are one or two Australians, but the whole thrust at the moment seems to be Sony buying out Columbia Pictures, so JVC investing \$1.08 million in a producer like Larry Gordon. No one seems to be asking, "What are our mutual interests? What are our conflicts? Where are those parallels between our cultures, let's get into it." The only other Australian project I know of is the *Blind Gaijin* is *The Green Panther*.

"WE WERE TACKLING A SUBJECT MATTER THAT ON THE SURFACE COULD BE VIEWED AS 'JAP-BASHING', BUT IT WAS ALWAYS OUR INTENTION THAT WE WOULD WRITE A FILM ABOUT 'RECONCILIATION.'"
— DAVID WHITELAM

What effect has this film had on your professional career?

WHITELAM: Brian and I have been discussing for some months another project. It takes place after World War II, but this time it's entirely set in Japan.

You talked earlier about culture. There are different types of cultures and there's a culture that the West has to come to terms with now, and that is that it may not be the dominant culture of the next century.

Blind Gaijin is an ambitious film from the point of view of its relatively large budget (about \$12 million) and because it makes a dramatic explanation of a historical black hole, as the producer Charles Weinstein describes it. Do you have absolute faith in the project's success?

WHITELAM: We have absolute faith in our vision and our commitment to the project, because our vision went way beyond racist notions. We brought Bryan Brown to the project, and Bryan was the key to the financing between Village Roadshow and the Film Finance Corporation. We played a major role in securing that Village Roadshow

distribution guarantee, and we brought the original director to the project, Geoff Murphy, who unfortunately had to drop out because of delays on the financing.

So, in joint producers with Charles Weinstein, we have winning emotional commitment to *Blind Gaijin*.

WILLIAMS: The journey for us went beyond the personal story, based on my father, through to a passion for the whole project.

WHITELAM: Brian's right it seemed for us passion to explore further the dramatic potential of the story.

Do you think that, as a political film and as dramatic entertainment, it can appeal to a broad audience?

WHITELAM: Going back to the role models of *Chinatown* and *The Killing Fields*, they were films which treat the audience with respect. They don't pander to audience expectations by twisting the material. Bolstered by these success, we felt confident that if we respected the audience, and didn't treat people like things when presenting material like this, they would respond in like.

One of the most encouraging developments in film in recent years has been the fact that film like *The Last Emperor* and *My Beautiful Laundrette* can get made and do find an audience, despite all the "reports" saying they will never work. There is an audience out there for every type of film, and the biggest mistake anyone can make in the film industry is to say, "There is only one audience, and that's the one that goes to see *Scream*, *Gladiator* and *Indiana Jones*." There are dozens of audiences and the potential in those very sections of audiences continues to surprise even the major distributors.

WILLIAMS: I loved the same question asked of Roland Joffe, whose film about Robert Oppenheimer, *Pat Man and Little Boy*, had just



been released in Australia. He said with absolute conviction, "Yes, my film will find an audience because things that are of great historical interest, and are well-told stories, even if they are very strongly political, will find an audience because there is an audience now for that." In Europe and Japan, there is a great historical tradition for the sort of things we are dealing with in *Blind Gaijin*. For example, the great 10-hour epic by Kurosawa, *The Hidden Fortress*.

We are looking forward to seeing the response of different audiences. I want to be in Japan and Europe, but mainly Japan, to see the response of the audiences. I know it is going to be fascinating.

WHITELAM: The Japanese actors told us they had not come across a script like this in Japan, one that told this type of story or revealed these truths. George Takei from the *Star Trek*, who plays Takekazu, said the same, that he had never read a script like this out of America. No one is writing this type of story there. The only place *Blind Gaijin* could have been made is in Australia. I think it says something for the maturity of the industry here, despite the worst suddenly befalling us, that such a difficult subject has made its way to the screen. ■

"Crocodile Dundee"

O v e r s e a s *

If the huge international success of "Crocodile" Dundee is common knowledge, it is not so well known that the world outside Australia saw some five minutes less of the film than are screened in this pre-political space. The re-editing was required by Paramount, the film's U.S. distributor; Twentieth Century Fox, distributor for the rest of the world, made no further changes. In the words of

IN CITING THIS, I'm not trying to rent the barrels of the dikeard, Australian cultural nationalism, merely to indicate that outside Australia Hollywood expectations modified even the little Aussie triumph, "Crocodile" Dundee had to conform to the standard (i.e., Hollywood) sense of what a feature is.

In order to contextualize the re-editing of the film, a few remarks are necessary.

HOLLYWOOD'S CONTROLLING INTEREST IN AUSTRALIAN FILM DISTRIBUTION AND EXHIBITION

This is the basis for the predominance of imported over Australian feature films exhibited in Australia, and for "imported" and "predominantly Hollywood." As such, it contextualizes the holdouts of "Crocodile" Dundee's conspicuous but still tiny revenue of the predominant cultural flow. Hollywood has had 30 years' experience of dominating world film distribution.¹ Its dominant success in feature film distribution in Australia – and hence, given the structure of the industry, of film exhibition as well – is longstanding. Susan Dermody and Elizabeth Jacka summarize – no precise figures are

publicly available – that in the mid-1980s 85 per cent of Australian theatrical screen time was occupied by American-produced film.² Moughan Morris puts the share of 1985 theatrical receipts at 78 per cent.³ Australia has remained for the U.S. the eighth largest source of revenue in absolute terms, and the highest in per capita terms.⁴

EXPORTING AUSTRALIAN FILM TO THE U.S.

Australian cultural nationalism tends to exaggerate the impact of Australian exports on the other side of the globe, where the principal markets are the U.S. and the U.K., winners the canonical triumphalism of David White's *Australian Movies in the World*.⁵ The film export drive is no Canute holding back the U.S. waves; it more resembles few rips against the prevailing tide. Tim Burnell experienced reveal film-distribution, descriptive U.S. markets as "the most lucrative, but... also in some way the most insular and the most closed."⁶ Australian films have had to confront not only American distributors' and exhibitors' preferences for films American, but also American cultural indifference to non-American product. Hard-fought forays into the U.S. market established only a few successes prior to "Crocodile" Dundee on the arthouse exhibition circuit, *My Brilliant Career* and *Shirley the Girl*, and in mainstream exhibition in *Breakers*, *Goldie*, *Mad Max 2* (re-titled *The Road Warrior*) and *The Man from Snowy River*.

* During the recent change of editor at *Cinema Papers*, Stephen Crofts was left with other submissions, but undecipherable, impression that his article had not been accepted. As a result, it was sent to Tim O'Regan at *Cineuropa* and published in Vol 12/1 1998.

With few exceptions, *Cinema Papers* has only published articles exclusive to the magazine. However, given the above circumstances, and the belief that the relationships of the two journals do not significantly overlap, Crofts' article is, with the previous permission of O'Regan and *Cineuropa*, reprinted here.





BEHIND MICHAEL J. "CROCODILE" DUNDIE (PAUL HOGAN IN NEW YORK).
 HOGAN HERE: "CROCODILE" DUNDIE AND THE AMERICAN BEHIND: THE CROCODILE
 (JAMES CAMPBELL) (PAUL HOGAN) (CROCODILE) (HOGAN)

The film expert dives deep into the well-known cultural factors—national self-esteem, and concerns to develop foreign trade and tourism—but also from a complex of economic and demographic factors. These complex assumptions about budget size, the size of the domestic market and the extent of state subsidy of production, factors which were summed up in the advice offered in Australia by John Huxley, a visitor from the British Film Institute and author of *Handing in the Cinema*. He opened that in order to be self-supporting an indigenous film industry needed a population of 80 million people.¹² By this reckoning Australia would need to expand its population fivefold. It is a reckoning which postscripters budgets maybe cheaper still, but still comparable with those of Hollywood, Britain or France as low with such hope, Australian feature budgets averaged \$400,000 in 1979, and \$3 million in 1982.¹³ (Reminders of the possibility of perfectly respectable feature production on much lower budgets are *Clara's Missing*, made in 1982 for a mere \$100,000, and most of the French *Nouvelle Vague*.) The low-budget option proffered by James Richardson and others was not pursued, preference being given to the more commercially orientated production model supported by the First, Marwick, Minicall report, "Towards a More Effective Commission: The AFC in the 1980s".¹⁴

State subsidy bolstered the Australian production industry less and less from such expectations of self-sufficiency through the 1970s, and the 1980s when a memo issued in May 1981 urged a more directly commercial orientation. As the figures above indicate, production costs escalated, suggesting a need to recoup more costs through overseas sales at the same time to pre-sales and distribution guarantees increasingly locked Australian product into overseas, and thus particularly U.S., markets. The 1980-1 U.S. successes of *Bushy*, *Mean*, *Gallop* and *The Road Warrior* fuelled the growing mid-Pacific orientation. Witness the 1982-3 figures of 143 Australian feature films released in Australian cinemas, and of 75 released in U.S. cinemas.¹⁵

"Crocodile" Dundee is Australia's first supermarketing success in the U.S. Right from script conception it evinces a boldness lacking in what Simon Dermody has called the "American Export cinema culture" of most 1980s films.¹⁶ Setting itself in both Australia and New York, and clamping on neither, "Crocodile" Dundee "subverts the cultural superiority [of the cultural nationalist film] and all the economic progressivism" of the mid-Pacific 1980s film sponsored by *Academy*, as in the *Wallpaper* and "Assuming James Lee Curtis, Stacy Keach and a dingy."¹⁷ With Hogan established as something close to an Australian national institution through the Hogan persona of *The Paul Hogan Show*, he and producer John Cornell wrote so confident of Australian and world success that they raised their prospectus without pre-sales or distribution guarantees, and it was overwhelmingly. After the Australian opening on 26 April 1986, they took the film direct to a Los Angeles film market research company before approaching any major studios. National Research's test screenings produced evidence that "audience loved the humor, the hero and the colorful photography", and gave Hogan a rating considerably above even of the order of Robert Redford.¹⁸

By July 1986, as the film was on the point of becoming the most popular film in Australia, Cornell and Terry Jackson, the film sales representative, had signed a contract with Paramount. The financial details are a fairly well-guarded secret. Paramount paid between \$3 and \$11 million for American (including Canadian) theatrical distribution, television, video and cable rights, and spent between \$3 and \$10 million advertising the film in print and, unusually, on television. The re-adding was reported not at all on the Australian press and only three papers in the U.S. (*The New York Times*, *The LA Times* and *The Washington Post*). Once the deal was done, Hogan and Paramount's president of distribution, Barry London, worked in Australia on the alterations detailed below. Publicity prior to the 26 September 1986 New York premiere of the film took two forms. First was Hogan's informal campaign via television sets in eight key cities for the Australian Tourist Commission: "Put another string on the barrel." These media bar faces, if not bar names, widely known. They followed the Paramount campaign. Apart from the press and television ads, they staged, week events in no fewer than 500 cinemas across the country on 26 September, and had Hogan do a 36-day press tour to accompany the film's release. After a New York premiere, it was opened at 879 U.S. and Canadian theatres, increasing to 1482 by 13 November (compared with 75 cinemas in Australia, and, indeed, 2500 for "Crocodile" Dundee II). It was, in *Surin*'s words, a "weekend word-of-mouth triumph... I kept waiting for the movie to disappear. Instead, it deliriously everything in sight."¹⁹ "Crocodile" Dundee has become the highest-grossing foreign film ever in the U.S. This ranks it at 26 in *Variety*'s 1988 All-Time Annual Changes (by close Australian-directed films are *Witch of Eastwick* at 129 and *Witness* at 145).²⁰

RE-EDITING THE FILM

The following analysis suggests that aesthetic criteria not precedence over considerations of cultural specificity in the re-editing of the film. The table below set out a narrative breakdown of the Australian and world versions of "Crocodile" Dundee, the general categories of the changes, and a detailed analysis of the 24 alterations.

"CROCODILES" DUNDEE, AUSTRALIAN AND WORLD VERSIONS

Key to Characters:	SC	See Charlie, <i>Norwich</i> journalist
	R	Richard, bar boss and lover
	W	Wally, of Whitewater Creek Town
	CD	"Crocodile" Dundee

Australian Version

Segment Number	Minutes	Replays	World Version	Changes
1	1:18"	SC and R, some friends bombs/guns/ammunition Onions: SC arrives, meets W	2:1	W stands by his truck
2	4:27"		2:2	W explaining that CD is an exotic creature and fascinating "top show on the town tonight"
3	0:58"	Felt: SC meets CD	3:1	Felt atmosphere: a few shots
4	1:38"	Night outside pub All arrive	4:1	CD and some outside pub
			4:3	W "In the new show" CD and croc draped over the truck's tailgate
5	4:23"	CD, SC, W drive outback	5:1	"Last one wanted by Mark" story replaced by chatting about town ("Have old car now?") from later in segment. Visions with waterman dropped.
6	1:08"	Ron arrives late Whitens CD, SC	6:1	W "Lucky bastard"
7	4:08"	CD, SC enter	7:1	Visions of [John Wayne and CD saying "That's where the croc got me"]
8	3:17"	CD, SC night camp Bambi threatened		
9	2:46"	Ron shoots and off by CD		
10	7:13"	CD, SC in morning, sharing, laughing, chatting		
11	3:12"	SC goes outback alone	11:1	From shot of SC's deer and exhaustion
12	8:43	SC begins dip: One at a time, CD sees her		
13	3:08"	CD, SC, night camp Aboriginal: New power to Carroboroon	13:1	One shot of the men, and part of them of SC's taking photographs "Rocky" becomes "Rocky"
14	1:08"		14:1	Whole segment
15	6:57"	CD, SC, night camp	15:1	From take shot before baked bacon goes
16	4:52	W gets permission for return drive	17:1	"Whitewing" becomes "take"
17	8:45"	CD, SC enter truck by, enter in tent	17:2	
18	8:45"	W picks up CD, SC shows trip to New York		
19	9:27"	CD, SC on plane journey		
20	9:45"	CD, SC: New York, JFK arrives in Plaza Hotel		
21	5:37"	Plaza Hotel suite: hotel		
22	2:38	CD goes outback in NY	22:1	From "giddy" No downward angle of CD pushed in wrong direction
23	4:45	CD, SC: R begins to order in Italian meal. CD knows car R		
24	3:35"	CD in pub, meets rule drives, begins, "conscience"		
25	7:44"	Outside pub, CD meets whom and pump, knocks out pump	25:1	"Porking" becomes "swearing"

26	1:41"	CD leaves in hotel	26:1	"Swear!"
27	1:37"	SC leaves by Vines from RGA Building: Hot dog in Mark's Place bar sales: CD is a guest master	27:1	"Swear the bloody cross," "Woo"
28	4:25"	Trinity around party with dogs, "conscience"	28:1	Conscience suffer's final reaction shot under
29	0:58"	Whitewater Creek, CD phantom path		
30	1:28"	Muggins (robbed) with bag loads: SC leaves CD Monday office: SC, R, father discuss CD		
31	1:47"	Father's over home leaves for SC. R proposes to SC. CD leaves with Gus	31:1	Dismissing of some shots of ignominious interior of mansion
32	0:58"		32:1	Reveals "Breadly" becomes "Mandy"
33	0:58"	Gus drops CD: CD in Times Square: then wanderer only shows direction	33:1	Can Times Square and the world game
34	1:46	Whitens: pump and leaves. Gus saves CD		
35	8:50"	SC phones CD in hotel, advised	35:1	Long shot of CD in hotel suite
36	5:45"	CD leaves hotel, SC arrives chain train to Columbus Circle Railway: Bath telegraph. "I love you" Charles	36:1	From frame final climb out by ball

10:40" Running time, Australian video version

GENERAL CATEGORIES OF CHANGES - KEY

Symbol	Category of Alteration	Analysis
NS	Narrative restructuring	For reasons of pacing
AOB	Australian outlook shown	International couple formation takes precedence over Australian atmosphere and tourist images found in earlier references than running
AT	Australian tourist images	
AN	Australian nationality	
AOV	Australian as less vulgar	
H	"Horror" features	Promotes the Australian against the Australian within the couple
ASB	Australian with depression	Dealing with the culturally and linguistically unbridgeable
AL	Australian language	
PSG	US protocol self-consciousness	

ANALYSIS OF CHANGES

Segment or change	Category of Alteration	Analysis	
1 1 1	NS	AOB	From an Australian outlook develops
1 1 2			interrupts the forward narrative drive of
1 1 3			US heroism + (philosophy) search for the
1 1 4			"Greenwich" Dundee story. The Australian
			seems cautious Northern Territory with
			New York culture and technology, whereas
			the United States version seems the outlook
			downward and certain (date scenes in line
			with the story), goal-oriented structure of
			the parallel in foreign-country great
4 1	NS	AOB	Australian nationality and order vulgarity are
4 2		AOB	played down in favor of the US heroism,
			international couple formation and a
			personal more WGS/Path tradition
4 3	NS	ASB	The Australian movie hero's mode (already
			set) and in the daffy crocodile and the
			progressive diffusion of Wally's heroism/ mythicalness of Dundee (in the pub) is born
			out there, as if US version can be exposed
			to too much anti-heroin, to too much self
			depression. Within such a conception, the

multi-mediale mode should naturalise
 fiction, not deconstruct it.

The dropping of dialogue about Dundee's
 wedding the first time and of his "This is
 where the cross got me" eliminates narrative
 redundancy before he tells his full story later
 in segment 7. It also diminishes his heroic
 status. This segment is a good example of the
 Australian sound mix, with dialogue barely
 audible over atmospheric noise. The US mix
 gives more voice presence, and thus more
 attention to the couple and less to the sound
 of the environment.

"Bazooka" is less harmful and more familiar
 Australian slang than in American

The film's only panoramic view of Adelaide -
 grand view of Johannesburg - see 10.

The rating of Dundee as growing first and
 education makes the first scene more of a
 shock, and makes her less a female victim
 Narrative economy.

"Silly hybrid" is Australian only slang
 Narratively the scene supplies nothing that a
 viewer does not fully well return to Dundee
 and Charlton

The American outlook disappears, and
 along with it an account of Australian
 success - Why's "Miss Charlton's attitude are
 going to put us in the map. We could have
 thousands of American tourists. They haven't
 got anything like the over there" - which
 might have any hand that fell in, both because
 the village would much US tourists as a
 possible tourist destination, and because the
 US has many remote back villages. Further-
 more the film's defaming, self-deprecating
 humour here may have been judged to be
 out of place with an American American
 confidence.

The Baker's choral commentary on
 Dundee's sex and chances with Charlton is a
 feature of Australian movies in which the
 US post-1960 preferred scenes on the
 heterosexual couple and wholesome family
 entertainment.

"Half the bloody hell" "Identity" works better
 in American slang than American

Narrative economy and genre control.

"Following" is meaningless outside Australia.

It will be seen from the preceding that narrative streamlining
 occurs for many reasons, and that these principally why the Australian
 outlook had been more than in New York had. In the words of Barry
 London, "we accelerated the pace to the taste of the American
 consumer."¹⁷ The world prior also boasts the formation of the
 Dundee-Charlton couple at the expense of Australian atmosphere.
 This promotion of human over outlook is enhanced by the sound
 mix. Within the couple, a number of elements play up the American
 and play down the Australian. Several cues make Australian
 slang and less-common behaviour as the interests of a more WASP-
 ish audience.

Overall, then, it was an aesthetic, rather than a cultural agenda,
 which determined Panamayan and Hogan's mix. The aesthetic con-
 siderations are those applied to make an American success film. As
 such, these expectations are more stringent than those applied to
 the majority of Australian films shown in the U.S. - which are exhib-
 ited in the U.S. as "art" films, as being different from standard
 Hollywood (or Hollywood-modelled) fare, films distinguished by
 their good taste, respectfully elegant, unassuming, presentation of
 characteristics over plot and so on: all with the special advantage
 for a U.S. audience of not having to cope with too foreign a language.
 If U.S. editing of such films is unknown, this is because it is not
 sections of films which are cut, but whole films which are not taken
 up by U.S. distributors. The less acceptable genres have tended to be
 more culturally specific: the "Moussaka comedy and the localisation
 film (*I see Letters from Caroline Road, Mind Rackets, A Star in the
 name of Culture*). The more acceptable genres - the period film - less
 culturally specific than the localised costuming, but somewhat more
 so than the mainstream restriction men (successes of *The Road Warrior
 The Man from Snowy River and "Gouldie" Dundee, The Road to Nowhere
 Snowy River* conform to the mainstream genre expectations of
 the action film and the Mid-South Westerns respectively. Adopting a
 less familiar genre: only "Gouldie" Dundee was not surprisingly
 edited for U.S. distribution. In this context, Australian cultural
 specificity of necessary leaves out, aesthetic criteria do have cultural
 consequences. Hogan at least would see that as a tiny price to pay for
 "Gouldie" Dundee, a becoming the highest-grossing foreign film in
 the U.S., as well as a moderate success in the UK, in France, and in
 countries as unexpected as Denmark and Japan. Cultural national-
 ists may brand the loss of true-blue Australia from the film. A more
 realistic view would recognise prevailing and very strong interna-
 tional film distribution arrangements.

No traces in David Hewitt

NOTES

1. The New York Times, New York 14 October 1986.
2. See British Directors' Lighting Productions: *America As the World Film Market 1987*
 3. British Film Institute London 1986.
3. James Stevenson and Elizabeth Jacobs, *The Shimmer of Australia: Film and Country*
 Film Sydney 1987, p.138.
4. Douglas Mervis, "support" "Tooth and Claw: Tales of Survival and "Gouldie"
 Dundee" in *Art and Film Melbourne* 31, p. 42.
5. *Gouldie and Jack*, see 10, p. 102.
6. David White, *Australian Women in the World: The International Journal of Australian Film*
 News (1978) Fremantle: Australian Film and Camera Project Melbourne, 1984.
7. The Bureau, "Theater/Cinema of Australia, Film" at *After Mavis and Peter's Regan*
 Gold 1. An Australian Film Study: Cinema Film Sydney, 1985, p. 217.
8. Graham Sharpe and Brian Adams, *Australian Cinema: An Oral History* New, Sydney in
 Melbourne and Country Film Sydney, 1985, p. 230.
9. *Gouldie and Jack*, see 10, pp. 87-88.
10. *Gouldie and Jack*, see 10, chapter 5 and James Stevenson, "Peter Mc, our Rich
 Man" in *Mavis and Peter's Regan* Gold 1, p. 10.
11. *Australian Film Data: Australian Film Commission, Sydney, 1988*, pp. 24, 25.
12. Part of the *Art and Film* see *Moussaka* in the 1985 *Sydney Film Festival*, which
 drew its material from volume 5 of the study and Jack. *The Shimmer of Australia*,
 Country Film Sydney, 1986.
13. Mervis see 10, p. 43.
14. *The Bulletin*, 11 July 1984.
15. *Playboy* June 18 November 1982.
16. *Times*, 26 January 1985. Apart from specific references and above, this paragraph
 describes the following scene: see *Times*, 1985 and *Mavis and Peter's Regan*
 Part 5 November 1984. *The New York Times* 14 October 1984 and *Panorama* from
 Belgium 12 November 1984.
17. *The New York Times* 14 October 1986.



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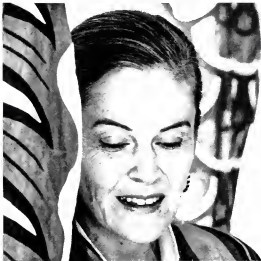
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SOLAUN HWAAS has been working largely unheralded as her craft for many years. Some say she is obsessed with all things Japanese. But that is only one aspect of this intense and often introspective writer-director. "I think I have been unappetizing dilettante for most of my life, in the sense that I have been doing a number of different things and I have changed course on occasion. It's funny I'm still being described as a new, up-and-coming filmmaker when I'm in my forties."

Although born in Norway, Hwaas spent most of her formative years studying, experimenting and alternating between Japanese and Norwegian lifestyles. Her artistic education has been diverse: watching American films whilst growing up in Japan, contemporary theatre studies during the Japanese theatre renaissance, screenroom training at a Norwegian television station and even a spell amongst Canberra academics.

Hwaas studied film at the Swedish Institute of Technology and has completed several personal documentaries on Japanese ritual events, as well as a short film poem on Judith Wright (*On Enca*). She then made the acclaimed *Glass You can Gaze At*, a documentary drawn from the reminiscences of Japanese war brides. "On coming to Australia I was struck by how conscious Australians are of the wartime experience and how obsessed a lot are with the POW experience. It

keeps resurfacing in the media and being exploited for dramatic effect. If one has a dual or a triple cultural background then it seems only natural to want to manipulate the pieces together."

Hwaas has further developed that interest in her first feature, *Ats*, currently in production around Melbourne and parts of Hawaii. *Ats* focuses on Hwaas' real obsessions—people's struggles, customs and relationships—and backdrops it against cultural circumstances. "I'm concerned with making a film that communicates to a wide audience, rather than the sort of specialist film I made early on. I have probably been influenced less by Hollywood than other filmmakers. I derive more from Japanese theatre and European filmmaking."

"Poetry is another good basis for straightforward dramatic structure, where you have internal rhythms and rhythms, parallels and motifs. Even though *Ats* is about a Japanese war bride, it is also an expression of certain feelings of stages in my life, of being on the outer in a number of cultural situations."

With a very gentle Hwaas aside, "My one big dream is to be a criminal in a big orchestra. It would be the ultimate happiness to play the same tune as everyone else. It would be very satisfying."

PROFESSORILLUSTRATION PHOTOGRAPHY HAWKES

SOLAUN HWAAS

ROSSO
PELLEGRINO

ANALFO

Spontanea e Assoluta

CARLO PELLEGRINO & C.

MASSA

Don McLennan

Don McLennan has recently finished post-production on his fourth feature, *Breakaway*, a road movie based on a 'buddie' relationship between an American prison escapee (Bruce Boulton) and a meek Australian businessman (Bruce Myles), is an action-based character story reminiscent of McLennan's 1983 feature, *State of Mind*. Made for Antony J. Gannone's International Film Group with a distribution guarantee from Miramax, *State of Mind* was the first of two features McLennan made for IFG. The second, *Mull*, a little-known and vastly underrated family drama, won Nadine Garner Best Actress at the 1988 Australian Film

BREAKAWAY

In *Breakaway* an original script?

Yes. Jan Sachs wrote it about five years ago, just after he and Michael Parkinson had worked together on *Street News*. As I'd know Jan for some time, and we had often exchanged ideas, he gave it to me to read. I liked it very much, but thought no more about it because the rights were tied up with AFC-PBL.

The script went to two or three companies, but for various reasons it never happened. Then, when I was finishing *Idiot*, Jan came back to me with it and said, "This script's now free. Are you still interested?" I said I was, and that's how I became involved.

How was the film financed?

Through a distribution deal with Smart Egg Pictures in the UK, up against European territories. The remainder was put up by the Film Finance Corporation and Film Victoria.

It is interesting that, with an American in the main role and the rest of the cast Australian, you went for a UK distribution deal.

I never thought about that, to be quite honest. When I set it away last year to put the deal together, I flew first to London and spoke to distribution companies there. I always perceived that it would be easier to put the deal together with a UK distributor for European rights than it would be with a US distributor for North American rights. It also became pretty obvious that the FFC and Film Victoria would be reasonably at home with putting their money up against North America (and Australia) in the deal. Of course, once we had the European distributor in place, which had financed on its own

Initiative Awards. It was the second occasion McLennan had directed an actress to success in this category. (Eight years earlier, Tracy Mann won the award for her role in his first feature, *Rain Keweenaw*.)

During the final editing stages of *Breakaway*, McLennan spoke about the four features, his experience with IFG and his views on the current state of the Australian industry.

Since in one of the lead roles, the FFC and Film Victoria were most keen to use an American actor in the case, seeing that it money was up against North America and Australia.

Were you acting in a producing role as well as director?

Yes. I also had Jane Matherlyne working as co-producer. I made the running on the funds, and also did the follow-up and paperwork. She also took on the line producing role during production.

What do you perceive as the market for *Breakaway*?

Jan Sachs, Jane and I always knew the market would be those 13-year-olds through to their early forties. It's certainly not a teenage movie, and we didn't pitch it that way. If one had to narrow it down further, I would say the 20s-to-30s age group.

How did you come to choose Bruce Boulton for the lead role?

We gave the script to a casting agent in Los Angeles, who did quite a bit of work putting together names for us. We also came up with a list of our own. Out of the people who were available and we could afford, we chose Bruce.

Bruce's background is basically on television, although he did

his opinions and taste on many things. I find working with him very easy because I don't have to discuss things with him. For example, when we finish shooting a film, I very rarely get involved in the first cut, letting Priar put it together. I then appear after the first cut and sit down with him at the Steenbeck.

As far as shooting on the set, especially on *Bend Sinister*, our understanding became even more unspoken than in the past. I might have had an idea of how to do a particular shot, but eventually I let Priar work out the camera angles and shots. That saved a lot of time, because I was free to run through scenes with the actors.

It is also a wonderful experience having the D.O.P. cut the film for you. It saves a lot of time on the floor because you know the shots are going to cut.

MULL

Why was the title changed from "Midway" to *Mull*?

When the film was about to be released, Filmpac (the distributor) came back and told it ought to be called *Mull*, because "Midway" sounded like a film about fish. What Filmpac didn't realize is that "mull" is modern slang for "having a party." I didn't mention that to them. I really didn't have any say on the matter.

Personally, I think they should have left it as "Midway." There's a section in the book where Phoebe is accused of "mulling away her time." That's where the title came from.

"I DON'T WANT TO DO ANOTHER RITE-OF-PASSAGE YOUTH FILM IN A HURRY, AND I DON'T THINK I'M BE DOING ANOTHER ROAD MOVIE FOR A WHILE, EITHER."

How did you become interested in the project?

Our company, Ulysses Films, picked up the rights to the novel. I was going to write the script myself, but I was very busy on other things and felt that I should bring in another writer who had a more experience in writing for kids. So, I approached Jon Stephens, who I had known for quite a while. Jon hadn't done a feature at that stage, but I thought

it would be a good project for him.

The father, Frank Mullins (Bill Hunter), has a mood that comes out in the 1960s, if not the '40s. This is also reflected in the production design and the St. Kilda locations.

There is certainly a touch of the novel, in the way people spoke, and even in their thought processes. We did update some of the dialogue, but it still says the same things.

The "stair" book is to do with showing that there is a struggling family, without a lot of money. If you look around St. Kilda, that is very much how it still is, with cheap housing and fire and a lot of 1940s décor.

As far as the costumes, we went for the same vein. I actually made along to a Revlon meeting to observe how people were dressed. It was

exactly the same pants two inches above the ankles, the black fur-trimmed coats...

The scene at the "born again" Christian Church seems very realistic. How did you cast it?

Jon Stephens helped with that. Greg Apple from Lis Mulholland cast the picture, but Jon sat in on all the casting sessions, as he'd had quite a lot of experience.

Jon also devised a way of conditioning the kids on workshops, which I sat in on. After that, it was decided that Jon should handle all the extra casting.

One of the most interesting relationships in the film is the homosexual attraction between the two adolescent boys, Gavin (Jana Kozan) and Steve (Craig Thomson). How much did that reflect the book?



TOP: JANA KOZAN AS LARA IN *THE WICKERMAN*; GAVIN (CRAIG THOMSON) AND STEVE (CRAIG THOMSON) AS PHOEBE (LEFT) WITH GAVIN (CRAIG THOMSON) STANDING IN BORN AGAIN CHURCH; LARA (JANA KOZAN) AND GAVIN (CRAIG THOMSON) STANDING IN BORN AGAIN CHURCH; LARA (JANA KOZAN) STANDING IN BORN AGAIN CHURCH; LARA (JANA KOZAN) STANDING IN BORN AGAIN CHURCH.

It wasn't the most, though more expanded in the novel. One of the challenges of adapting the book was that there was so much to deal with. So we decided very early on that the film would be about the girl. It would be a year out of her life, and all the social issues—teenage homosexuality, drug addiction, the bourgeoisie Christianity, the other stuff with her Greek friend and so on—would just be background to show how she coped with things.

Mull and *Hard Knocks* are two films about working-class female adolescents who go through rite-of-passage experiences. *Bend Sinister* appears more like *Slade Style G' Me*, a knowledge-based fantasy action movie about criminals on the run. How has this doubling come about?

Coincidence more than anything else. They were just scripts or novels that came to me which I liked at the time. I don't want to do another rite-of-passage youth film in a hurry, and I don't think I'll be doing another road movie for a while, either.

On the one hand, I certainly learnt a lot from doing *Hard Knocks*, that I was able to use in *Mull* and *Bend Sinister*, in terms of composition



STORY LINE (ANDERSON): WITH JAMES CAWLEY AND BLAKE LIVINGSTON, IT WAS ANOTHER 1980S FILM THAT MADE PAUL THOMSON INTO AN ACADEMY AWARD-WORTHY ACTOR. HERE HE IS, LOOKING THROUGH AN OPEN CURTAIN, WHILE ANDERSON STANDS EXACTLY BEHIND HIM

of those strange and pairing — those sort of things. But I certainly didn't do *Breakfast*, and that's because they were similar to *Slate Wyn & Me* and *Hard Knocks*.

In *Hard Knocks* you have made two films where the lead performers have won Best Actress at the AFI Awards. To what do you attribute that success?

The first step was casting the right person. The myth of the director's being able to get a performance out of an actor that nobody else can is what it is. It's a myth. If actors can't act, you can't make them.

What if you do for all my actors a create an environment whereby they feel comfortable with and confident in what they are doing. They also know they have a fair amount of latitude to play with. For example, if the actors are having trouble playing a scene, you know it's not because they can't do it, but for some other reason. It's either the lines of dialogue, the motivation, the way they walk across a room... whatever. I always look to see what the problem is and try to rectify it.

I was certainly very lucky to work with both Tracy Mann and Nadine Garner, who are great actors. But one thing to remember about films for which actors win awards is that usually the actor has the director's role. In *Hard Knocks* Tracy Mann is an everywoman, so if she's good, she looks fantastic, the same with Nadine in *Abel*. I'm not taking anything away from Tracy or Nadine, but a lot of people looking at those films and judging performance can get taken in by that.

How did you become involved with producer Howard Grigg?

Howard had just finished working on Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket* when he came out to work on board of production for Gemini. Part of his deal was that he would be allowed to produce two films a year for IFG.

Howard is the best producer I have worked with and one of the few feature producers in the country. He is a writer as well and has also directed, so he understands the problems you have as a director and writer. You can sit down with him and have an intelligent discussion about the script, the pacing and the tone, the structure.

Howard doesn't work for Gemini any more. He has on himself up as an independent and he has a couple of projects he is trying to get off the ground. Hopefully we'll do another film together. It is just a matter of finding the right project.

SLATE WYN & ME

Your film makes a significant change to the novel: the schoolgirl, Blanche, has become a school teacher.

The reason was casting, simple as that.

I had picked up the rights to the novel and started developing it with [producer] Tom Barnall, whom I'd known for a while. We came

"IF THE INDUSTRY WERE BASED MORE ALONG THE LINES OF THE WAY IT IS IN L.A., WHERE YOU'RE ONLY AS GOOD AS YOUR LAST PICTURE, THERE WOULD BE A LOT LESS PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY MAKING FILMS."



up with several drafts of the script, which film Victoria financed. But when we showed it around town, we couldn't get a bite. As it wasn't a script that allowed for overseas actors, we couldn't go that route. It had to be an Australian picture.

We were basically at the end of the road when Tom said, "Tony Granger is back on town doing a few things. Why don't we talk to him?" Tom was dealing with Granger at that point on *Great Expectations*. So, Tom took a call to Tony, who read it and said he was interested. He was about to leave for either Cannes or WFFJ and he took the script with him. He came back with four offers from overseas companies within a week.

One of the offers was from Hemdale, but it was conditional on casting someone of standing in Australia. Now, Sigrid Thornton had read the novel and wanted to play Blanche, but we felt the part was a bit too young for her. But when we couldn't get anywhere with it, Sigrid came back and said she was well interested, provided we agreed she get into her mid 30s.

Tom and Hemdale were keen on the film, so we went ahead and adapted the script accordingly.

That was a substantial change to make, a moment you ended up with a very different film.

No question about it whatsoever. That decision also brought the dramatic possibilities. We lost the sexual tension of a 16-year-old girl being that close to the twogays as they travel around the outback. They would have made for a more intimate, more sensual film.

When the school teacher begins having emotional feelings for the male characters, it feels as if Sigrid Thornton is struggling to find the right way to make her actions be believable to an audience. Do you think the script changed too to that confusion?

Yes. I wanted Sigrid to go a lot further with it than she did. For example, there is a scene where her hair gets cut. I would have liked to have seen her hair actually cut off during the shot (until it was only as much as we long). But Sigrid couldn't do that, for various reasons. That sort of stuff and everything else.

Part of the problem may have been because I hadn't done a film of that size before. Maybe I didn't feel secure enough to push Sigrid as hard as I could have. Sig didn't trust me as much as she would have liked to. She looks very much in awe in the film, because she wasn't as focused on the role as she should have. I blame myself partly for that.

INDUSTRY MATTERS

You have been involved with the Australian film industry as an independent filmmaker since the early 1970s, originally being the manager of the Melbourne Filmmakers Co-operative. What are your impressions of the changes within the industry?

There are many good things about the Australian film industry. It is just as much difficult going to make films that to be allowed to make them, no matter the circumstances, is just fantastic.

Without taking anything away from that, if there has been major disappointment in the industry, from a producer's point of view, it is that we didn't develop the talent we could have in the 1960s with all that 10 BA money. There haven't been, with few exceptions, any substantial talents to emerge from the industry. I'm talking about actors, directors and writers. We didn't rediscover another Mel Gibson, a Bryan Brown or a Judy Davis. A few people have come up, but nobody has hit that level. There have been as many Peter Weir as Fred Schepisi.

I don't agree with people who say 10 BA was a waste of money. The more money we can put into the film industry, the better. Nor do I agree that we should only be making money films a year. That's the old boys' network to me.

When the 10 BA industry was around, the unions raised serious concerns strongly. You can see their point, but we should have been bringing more overseas actors out here. The films that were made would have been made to a lot better and they would have earned considerably more money back. That was a big mistake.

Actually, I don't see any future for the industry if it stays contained within Australia. The country is not big enough to support it, we just don't have the people here who can draw in the crowds at the box-office.

Do you just mean actors?

Actors, directors, writers. There are a lot of people here who get big fees for making films. But there are very, very few who can justify it. Australian actors get substantial fees to appear in films, yet in most cases their names alone couldn't guarantee getting their salary back at the box-office, let alone the film's budget. The same thing applies to writers, directors and producers. If the industry were based more along the lines of the way it is in L.A., where you're only as good as your last picture, there would be a lot less people in that country making films.

Why did that situation develop here?

There was so much 10 BA money around that producers could afford to take big fees for putting deals together. The actors, directors and writers then found what the producers were getting and demanded big fees too. We are still entering that. The case of some crews here, and the awards that they work under, are just ridiculous. We are paying ourselves out of the market.

At the height of 10 BA, people said they wanted to make a film

but, say, \$5 million. But how many of those people seriously thought about whether they could get that \$5 million back? I have been a bit glibly about it myself, too. A lot of filmmakers think that the marketing and selling of a picture is a duty everyone and that someone else should do it. I find that even now, especially with the young people coming into the industry, that there is an aversion to aspects of their job. For example, an actor I know of, who had just come out of NIDA, said to the director of her first film, "I don't do publicity." I mean that's crazy. Every lead actor should be doing publicity.

You said earlier that overseas elements are essential to Australian films. Does that mean you feel the kind of deal-givers and projects set up by the Film Finance Corporation are the best way to go?

No. The FFC has two problems, which I'm sure it is aware of. First, there is a one-sided policy I'd hate to get on the wrong side of the FFC, for any reason. Second, everything is deal-driven. The FFC doesn't want to get involved in assessing a script, or what sort of film it is. But I don't know how you can responsibly put money into a film and not assess those things.

In a sense, it is probably not that much different to the 10 BA era.

What the FFC is trying to do is put that assessment back on the distributors and marketing people, which is not a bad way to go, I suppose. But the FFC has its problems, there are no doubts about that, although it has learnt an awful lot on the past twelve months.

I must say, though, that the FFC has been very good to me. The help and assistance it has given us is fantastic. I have no complaints.

You made two films with Jimmy J. Gossard's International Film Group. How did you find that experience?

You always have an interesting experience working with Gossard. I have a lot of respect for Tony, he is probably one of the few true producers in the country. He is a great deal maker and it is a pity that he's not doing any more films in Australia. What's happened to him [Hirving] prevented us from outside the FFC set-up and, thus, over seas] is not right.

On the other hand, you have to be on your toes with Tony. He takes no prisoners when he does a deal with you, which is fair. He's a businessman, and that's his business.

Tony never interfered creatively in any of the films I did. We have had our disagreements over the ending of *Shirley 24/7*, which were resolved, but apart from that he didn't interfere.

As for the money side, we were constantly fighting. But that's all part of business.

What was the disagreement over the film's ending?

The problem is that the principal character, Wyn [Marion Sacks], is a guy who's quite colossally stupid. I told someone with an axe. There is no way he is going to be allowed to walk off into the sunset. He knows he is going to die, but he feels he has to come back to see the girl.

The dispute was over how the scene between Wyn and the girl should be played. He would want to be far more emotional with "I love you" and all that sort of teeny stuff. I wanted it to be a little harder, more functional and pragmatic.

What is your next project?

I don't know yet, there are a couple of projects I'm looking at.

I might go to live in L.A. next year. I figured I might as well go broke there as here. I'm now with the William Morris Agency and it has expressed interest in my working in America. But if something good comes up here, I will certainly consider it.

The funny thing about my career is that nobody ever really comes to me with projects. I have only ever been approached once with a film where the money was in place and they wanted me to direct. I have engineered and developed all my projects, I guess I'll continue doing that. ■



PAUL KALINA

Today, many Australian films and telefeatures are released directly to video. As a result, they are often ignored. To help counter this, *Cineaste* will publish in every issue short reviews of all Australian, first-release, feature-length videos. Films made in foreign locales, but with significant Australian participation, will also be included.

As well, all those Australian films which have been theatrically released, but are now appearing on video for the first time, will be listed with relevant details. Shorts and documentaries of special interest will also be covered.

Film-makers and distributors who find they have videos of interest for this section should send information to Paul Kalina at *Cineaste* Papers, 43 Charles Street, Abbotsford NSW, or fax at (03) 427 8213.

FIRST RELEASES



ABOVE: WILLIAM ANDERSON (JOHN EASDALE) MEET, IN BLOOD BROTHERS AFTER DISCOVERING HIS MURDER VICTIM BLAZO IN BLOOD BROTHERS (LEFT) & DAY OF THE PANTHER

DAY OF THE PANTHER

Director: Simon Trenchard-Smith. Producer: Dennis Power. Screenplay: Peter West. Director of photography: Simon Atherton. Editors: Kerry Regan, David Jaeger. Distributor: (C&F) Ltd. Cast: Edward John Scahill (John Blazo), Jim Richards (Zak Daniel).

John Blazo (Edward John Scahill), William Anderson (John Saxon) and Anderson's daughter Linda (Zak Daniel)—all products of the legendary Panther School of Martial Arts in Hong Kong, are caught in a Thai drug ring deal in the course of their duties as undercover investigators. Returning to Perth, where Linda is married to a hydrographician (Jim Richards), Anderson masterminds a plan that sets Blazo off on the criminal dragoons of a notorious businessman to find the random killer.

The centerpieces of this martial action film are the numerous fight sequences, which are staged for maximum realism by the skilled fighters in the principal roles. Screenwriter Peter West, who began his ca-

reer in filmmaking as a stuntman, works some comic parodies of television cop serials into this otherwise standard genre piece. Director Brian Trenchard-Smith keeps the action moving, making the most of Perth locations and a shoe-string budget, but fails to lift anything more than preliminary performance from the actors.

DRIVING FORCE

Director: Andrew J. Prosser. Executive producer: Anthony J. Gorman. Music: G. Ong. Screenplay: Patrick Edgewood. Director of photography: Kevin Lamb. Richard Michaels. Editor: Tim Prosser. Cast: Don Soper, Sam Jones, Catherine Bach.

One of the small random genre film about a tow-truck driver, Steve (Sam Jones), trying to survive in a nation-chained future on the treacherous highways. Here he finds himself in an extended confrontation with the barbaric Black Knights who, in vehicles resembling the twisted luggages of *Mad Max 2*, control the tow-truck trade by causing car crashes. Like *Mad, Steve* is the archetypal outsider whose only connection with his society is his young daughter until, quite probably, a love interest is introduced which enables the family to be reinstated.

Unhappy director, bland performers and a formula-bound script set this apart from its numerous precursors, such as the apocalyptic *Mad Max* series, or the well-known dystopian *Conan* (Richard Linn). Much of the film is taken up by a dull subplot in which Steve organizes with his young acquaintance for custody of his child. The film's setting is a word amalgam of the *Dynasty* settings in which the hero lives and the apocalyptic wastelands where an American-Australian community commands the car-thief trade in car parts. The story work is by Grant Page (*Mad Max*).

INNOCENT PREY

Director: Colin Epperson. Producer: Colin Epperson. Screenplay: Ron McLaren. Director of photography: Vincent Monson. Editor: Pige An-

derson. Distributor: Roadshow. Cast: P. J. Soles, John Warnock, Susan Stromach.

Innocent Prey could be regarded as a virtual encyclopedia of thriller and horror-film conventions and clichés. After a series of horrifying encounters with her psychopathic husband in Dallas, Texas, the innocent prey of the film's title escapes into the backlands of Sydney, where a double-whammy of hair-raising adventures await her. Not only does the bloodthirsty psycho somehow manage to make his way to her door, but her host turns out to be a diabolical and tormented Norman Bates-like man using elaborate survival-labor equipment to watch her every move.

Missing the possibilities of this premise, *Innocent Prey* is returned by its bland, soul-numbing direction, an implausible unpolished lead-in performance. It is an international "sawdust plant" film in every sense of the term. There is a music score by Brian May, and brief appearances by Ginger Taylor and a solitary Martin Balsam.

JILTED

Director: Bill Bennett. Producer: Bill Bennett. Screenplay: Bill Bennett. Director of photography: Geoff Sargent. Editor: Denise Hunter. Distributor: Home Cinema Group. Cast: Richard



ABOVE: RICHARD (RICH) AS HE IS IN BILL BENNETT'S JILTED



Main: Jennifer Cluff; Saw: Justin; Tina: Russell Helen Weston.

Washed up on a holiday resort is a handful of characters seeking refuge from an uneasy past. The temperamental cook (Richard Mouz) has been sacked from almost every one of his previous jobs; the manager (Steve Jacobs) cannot escape a failed marriage; Vietnam is the shade of sexual and racial/religious impatience; the accountant Paula (Tina Russell) runs to Saigon to deal with her debts and infidelity; and the waitress Caroly (Helen Weston) continues to be mistreated by uncaring lovers.

The appearance of an enigmatic stranger (Jennifer Cluff) causes various reactions amongst the group. In time, each will recover to realize his/her longing for human contact and an ability to take charge of his/her life.

Bill Bennett skilfully leaves little doubt as to a script rather than relying on the improvisational techniques of his previous films. The result is a disarmingly loose, storybook drama, nonetheless, succeeds in uniting the disparate questers in a tangled web of inclusion traps. Filmed on the ever-shifting sands of Fraser Island, the setting becomes an ideal complement to the film's depiction of transient and fragile relationships.

Despite the terrible-sounding subject matter, Bennett portrays the characters' behavior, mannerisms and language with a playful and slightly-mocking tone. Finding such comedy in the bleak and miserable. As time has passed to experts from Bennett's work, the performances are fresh and finely-tuned.

STRIKE OF THE PANTHER

Director: Brian Trenchard-Smith. Producer: Damien Price. Screenplay: Peter West. Director of photography: Bruce Ackermann. Editors: Barry Argue, David Janger. Distributor: CIC-Talk. Cast: Edward John Stank, John Stanton, Jim Richards, Pam Jeffries.

Sequel to *Day of the Panther*, which was shot at the same time as the original.

More bone-crunching scenes as martial arts expert Jason Blake (Edward John Stank) seeks archrival Baxter (Jim Richards), who has kidnapped his lover. Anderson's mentor, Jonathan (Pam Jeffries).

THE THIRD WAVE

Director: Eric Boyle. Producer: Doug Mackay. Screenplay: Doug Mackay. Photography: Greg Low. Editing: Andrew Aronides. Distributor: Film Pty Ltd. Sydney. Cast: Ben Woodhouse, Gus Corbett, Georgina Banks.

Designed specifically as high-school discussion starter, this Strickland video deals with the issue of AIDS amongst a group of heterosexual teenagers.

THIS FABULOUS TUESDAY

Director: Gary Gray. Producer: Bruce Marian. Screenplay: Mark Robinson. Photography: Colin Sibley. Jim Thomson. Kent Smith. Editor: Colin Sibley. Distributor: Virgin Video.

Detailed and comprehensive celebration (and he means to call it a documentary) of the Melbourne Cup presented by the horse race's major sponsor, Foster's Lager. It contains some interesting archival footage, courtesy of Melbourne News and the National Film and Sound Archive, and anecdotal background information on many facets of the famous race. The irritatingly sexist women's narration is provided by Bill Gail has.

DIGITAL RELEASES

ARIA (Segment 5)

Director: Brian Berwick. Producer: Don Boyd. Screenplay: Bruce Berwick. Director of photography: Peter Spinks. Editor: Maize Thorne. Music: Music performed by Carol Perkins, Rene Kello, March Radio Orchestra, Erich Uenkelat. (Quadrant) Distributor: Roadshow. Cast: Elizabeth Hurley, Peter Dink.

Bruce Berwick's segment of this compilation "Apex" film is based on the one "Clock, and air verbiage" from Erich Wolfgang Korngold's *Der Toten Stadt*.

CANE TOADS - AN UNNATURAL HISTORY

Director: Mark Lewis. Producer: Duncan Mill. Screenplay: Mark Lewis. Director of photography: Jon Fraser. Editor: Lindsay Fraser. Distributor: Hoyts Polygram Video.

A social history of the Queensland cane toad which imaginatively blends fictional and documentary techniques, historic fact and true-life drama, light-hearted comedy and social commentary. Released in self-through at \$99.95.

"CRIBDOBBLE" DUNDEE II

Director: John Cornell. Producer: John Cornell. Screenplay: Screenplay: Paul Hagan. Ross Hagan. Director of photography: Russell Boyd. Editor: David Brown. Cast: Paul Hagan, Linda Kurland, John Moffat. Distributor: CIB-Fox Video.

The ultimately successful sequel to the box office hit of 1986. It will now also be remembered as John Moffat's last screen performance.

AFTER VIDEOS

The Australian Film, Television and Radio School has released several substantial video releases. *David Paterson - Industry Seminar* was recorded when the prominent producer and former chief executive officer of Columbia Pictures visited the AFTER earlier this year. The "1988 Filmology Interviews" series contains interviews with writer Robert Carrivell, director of photography John Seale, playwright David Williamson, and directors Vincent Ward, Stephen McLean and Vishnu Sarason. The four open to the "Where on Writing" series are designed as audio-visual handbooks on the skills and practices of writing for film, comedy, television and radio. "Shaping Your Screen" is a series of 16-minute videos on professional recording techniques, presented by engineer, producer and AFTER lecturer Tom Labin. Also, there is the final programme in a series on the forms and functions of screen music which focuses on the work of composer Bruce Swanson.

CRAWFORD CLASSICS

Crawford Productions has launched a video label, Crawford Classics, which will distribute select masterpieces, television series and series made by the Melbourne-based production house. The videos will be sold in the public through Myer department shops and direct mail order.

The initial release comprises the complete, 4 1/2-hour *All The Strangers* (1959) and three episodes of *The Ross Family* (1959-65, the entire series to be released in three complete installments in subsequent months).

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JOHN FARROW

1904 - 1963

ARTIST'S NOTE

This article, written specifically for this issue of *Cinema Papers*, represents the first known attempt at a comprehensive summary of John Farrow's life and work.

It is nevertheless a preliminary sketch, based in large part on published sources.

The author intends to follow it up with detailed research and interviews in the U.S. at a later date.

Some of Farrow's work has not been personally sighted and, where applicable, the published views of others have been used. As a result, and due to space constraints, no critical overview has been attempted, although five of the major features receive slightly more extensive coverage.

Many thanks to Tim Ryan (who wrote one of the featured reviews) for his constructive advice and encouragement.

ENTERED PUBLIC DOMAIN
WRITER: ROBERT JAMES ARNOLD
THE BARNES FOUNDATION
LARRY R. TULL, JOHN PAUL JONES (1994)

AUSTRALIAN BORN JOHN FARROW wrote twenty-four features and directed forty-three, among them four of the finest film noir made in Hollywood: *The Red Glaze* and *Night Has a Thousand Eyes* (1948); *Witness Against Love* (1953) and *His Kind of Woman* (1951). He won an Academy Award for his work on the screenplay of *Against the Walls of No Day* (1956), and he received several prizes for direction, including a New York Film Critics' Award (and an Academy Award nomination) for *Walt Disney* (1962).

Much of Farrow's work was on low-budget B-film, and it varies somewhat in quality, but at his best he was one of the most accomplished filmmakers in the 1940s and '50s. To this day, he remains (with George Hiller) arguably the finest filmmaker born in Australia. Yet, he has been largely forgotten, his films ignored by historians and critics. Today, he is probably best known as the father of Mia Farrow.

It is time to start redressing the balance.

— — —

BEGINNINGS

JOHN NEVILLE WILLIAMS FARROW was born on 10 February 1904 in Sydney, the son of Colonel Joseph Robinson and Lucy (née Villiers) Farrow.¹ He was educated in Australia by private tutors, as well as at Newington College. Later, he went to England and Winchester College, before entering the Royal Naval Academy. After graduating, he took part in several scientific expeditions and later became a fellow of the Royal Geographical and Royal Empire societies.

During his early adulthood, Farrow worked as a first mate on Pacific cargo ships. He spent two years with the U.S. Marine Corps in Latin America, and fought in Nicaragua. He also began writing short stories and poems, many of which were published.

In the late 1920s, Farrow worked his passage to the U.S. According to actor Ray Milland, it was as "a punter on a Mason liner". According to screenwriter and director Tim Garrett, Farrow's friend and collaborator:



[Farrow had hit the U.S. beach by jumping ship in San Francisco, having arrived on an American work permit. He played the same agent for International audiences, an omission he had to correct many years later. (Farrow was arrested in the 1980s for his illegal entry, but was later acquitted.)]

[Johnny was my kind of [p] [sine]. Of Irish descent, he was a part of events, and had been published in all the top literary magazines of the day. Blindly handsome, with untearable blue eyes, he could be captured as type casting for the Crown Prince.³

Someone who knew Farrow well, and who would later work with him on *Mondo* (1988), was actor Michael Fraz. He recalls the Farrow of those early Hollywood years:

John Farrow was an enormously wonderful man, and probably one of the nicest sons of a bitch that ever stood on two legs.

When he first came into Hollywood, he was an inmate of a few fairly tough fellows, athletic people like Johnny Weissmuller. John used to swim with Weissmuller off the coast of Santa Monica, and they'd think nothing of chugging 8, 10 miles up and down that coast. You had to be pretty tough to get out there in winter and swim on that kind of scale.

John was also a very strong person within himself. But when, I guess, there was that little time where, with all the best endorsement in the world, he didn't always do things the way he might have wanted to. As he wrote, you would probably want to drink him with a chair. But, at his best, he was a gracious, charming person. He would go out of his way to help people without ever letting them know. He would have you delivered on people's doors when they were sick. He'd give a great big copper turner of soup from Lucy's. And if someone needed money, John would give it to them. He was that type of person.⁴

As actor (undiscriminated) poet, Farrow converted to Rasmus Raskholmen and became an extremely clever churchgoer. Despite this conversion, he would gain a reputation as a hard drinker and ladies' man. First, however, has a sobering perspective:

John loved to drink, but I don't think he was a serious drinker, like a few I could mention. The Hollywood that Farrow, Ward Bond, John Wayne and a lot of others grew-up in and grew. Their drinking has to be seen in the context of what that time came out of, which was of course the 1920s and the '30s.

SCRIPTING

AFTER ARRIVING IN HOLLYWOOD, Farrow put his moral background to use by finding work as a technical and script adviser on films with moral themes. (He kept up his sailing interests by purchasing a boat, "The Ida.") His first script credit, for co-authoring the title on a silent film, came in 1927 with *White Gold* (William K. Howard).⁵ Garsen also worked on that film for Dedelee Pictures.

We had just met when [Farrow] was brought to my office ... by a producer who said, "The best way you should learn life, Farrow, has to write screen plays."

We shook hands. Johnny finished a mild desktop work. I grinned, and a real friendship blossomed.

After the producer had left, John asked, "Is it possible for me to teach a guy to write screen plays?"

"Not unless he has enough sense to do the job on his own," I answered honestly. But possibly I can come up with a few handy do's and don'ts."

"All suggestions will be greatly appreciated," grinned Johnny.⁶

Farrow's other 1927 credit was for *The Wind of the West* (Elmer Clifton), which was based on a "story" (i.e., plot outline) he had fashioned from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem.

The next year, Farrow worked on two more films at Dedelee, Victor Scheringer's *The Shadow* (silent) and Paul Sloane's *The Blue Devils* (story). He then joined Paramount Pictures, where he had "the special assignment of creating purpose-built dialogues that players who did not speak English too well could handle without difficulty."⁷

Farrow worked on William A. Wellman's *Ladies of the Mob* (screenplay), Rowland V. Lee's *The First Kiss* (adaptation), Clarence Badger's *Three West-ends* (adaptation) and Ludwig Berger's sound film, *The Woman From Missouri* (screenplay and tele). During this period, Farrow came into contact with several of the great names of American cinema, such as Clara Bow, Ray Way, Gary Cooper and Pola Negri, all of whom starred in films he had written.

In 1928, Farrow worked on four projects: *Widow's Song* (Victor Fleming), *A Dangerous Woman* (Rowland V. Lee), the classic *The Four Feathers* (Michael C. Cooper, Ernest B. Schoedsack, Ludwig Morand) and *The Wind of Life* (Victor Scheringer). The next year he scripted Richard Wallace's *Seven Days' Leave* and Louis Gasnier's *The Shadow of the Lane*. Farrow also had one of his published short stories, "The Red Ox," adapted into a film of the same name, starring Dolores del Río (George Fitzmaurice, 1930). To coincide with the release, Farrow wrote a novelization (illustrated with scenes from the film).

In September of 1930, Farrow left Paramount Pictures and joined producer Charles A. Rogers in RKO Productions. His first projects were *Juvenile Love* (Roy J. Pomeroy) and *The Common Law* (Paul L. Stein, 1931). RKO also filmed a play Farrow had written, *The Agitated Woman*, under the screen title, *A Woman of Reputation* (Harry Joe Brown).



THE UNHOLY MOTHER (1928) (LORD, J. LLOYD)



WIND OF THE WEST, IN SCENE BY THE WIND OF THE WEST (1927)



POLE NEGRI IN THE WOMAN FROM MISSOURI (1928) (RKO)

In 1932, Farrow sailed to Tahiti to pursue his greatest love, writing. He began work on a novel and also completed the world's first English-French-Tahitian dictionary. That same year, Farrow scripted the British film, *Women in Glamour* (David Dent).

Farrow also became involved in a joint project, G. W. Pabst's *Adventures of Don Quixote* (1933). An opera film starring Frederic Chabpagn in a several Australian singers, it was made in France in both French and English. Adapted from the Cervantes novel by French poet Paul Morand, Farrow is credited as "Collaborator for the English Version."¹¹

The same year, Farrow's now-omnipresent novel, *Laughing Bush*, was published in both London and New York. The following year he directed two short films, *The Spectacle Maker*, from his own screenplay, and *War Lord*.

In 1935, Farrow joined MGM and was assigned to *The Last of the Pagans* (Richard Thorpe, 1935), which he scripted from Herman Melville's *Typee*. MGM was the studio behind the highly successful *Tarzan* films and was one of them that Farrow would get his first chance at directing a feature.

MGM had just finished *The Captive of Zanzibar* but was very concerned that its sex accountings had "terrified the children and brought a string of complaints from both mothers and women's organizations."¹² The studio decided against releasing it in its present form and, when director Jim McKay refused to bowdlerize it, Farrow took over. Unfortunately, Farrow's verbiage into censorship troubles with the Hays Office's office, too, found himself replaced, this time by Richard Thorpe.

Retitled *Tarzan Ranges* (1934), and with Farrow co-credited for the screenplay, the rewritten film had its violence and sexual scenes almost completely toned down. According to Gale Kasey, a historian of the *Tarzan* films, "this film marked the third major step in lowering the *Tarzan* series to the child's level."¹³ The most controversial lowering of standards had been the Hays Office imposed changes to Jane's costume. Originally, her garb, with its waist-high slit, had matched *Tarzan's* brief loincloth, and together they had helped give the first films, particularly *Tarzan the Ape Man* (1931), a rather healthy-procreant. Now Jane was being forced to wear a dress and cut down on her bathing in the river.

The actress who played opposite Johnny Weissmuller's *Tarzan* was Maureen O'Sullivan. In many ways, her Jane was one of the women personifications of the independent and sexy women typical of 1930s cinema. Born on 17 May 1911 in Boyle, County Monaghan, Ireland, Maureen Paula O'Sullivan was the daughter of a step in the Concochto Rangers. She was educated at the Sacred Heart convent outside London (where a chaperone was Miss Leigh) and later in Paris. She went to Los Angeles in 1930 after having been approached by director Frank Borzage as a dinner dancer for the *Balboa International Horse Show*.¹⁴ O'Sullivan did an films at 20th Century-Fox, including *Borzage's Song Of The Flamingo* (1930), before moving to MGM. There she found an enduring fame in six *Tarzan* films.

According to Hollywood mythology, O'Sullivan and Farrow met on the set of *Tarzan Ranges* and married the next year (on 12 September 1935). But according to O'Sullivan it happened differently:

I met John when I first came to Fox Studios. He was a writer there, and I was doing a film called *Just Pagan* (1931), a screen-play that I wrote in 1929. I met him because I was looking for my director David Butler as I was on my call and wanted to look at something in the rushes and I did not know where his office was and I wondered who John's office. John always thought I did it on purpose, and that was the beginning of our meeting. Fate. So then we made a date on my birthday.¹⁵

Like Farrow, O'Sullivan was a Catholic and together they became one of the most famous devout couples in Hollywood. An unnamed friend of the Farrow is quoted as saying:

They stayed married. They kept having babies. They went to church. — They appeared as standard — a man and very old in film circles.¹⁶

As the time of their wedding, Farrow and O'Sullivan had vowed to have no children, they had to smile for seven. A Beverly Hills neighbour remembers:

The Farrow was a mighty army and they would all march to church [the Church of the Good Shepherd] every Sunday without fail. They were very religious, very devout Catholics.¹⁷

Farrow's commitment to Catholicism was further illustrated by his writing a 'biography' of Father Damien, *Damien The Lepa*, which was published in 1937. In a foreword to the book, author Hugh Walpole writes:

I remember the look of Mr Farrow's face true and beautiful... I usually know how Mr. Farrow has been able to leave to read a picture of Father Damien in the reader's mind with as few words about him. Now that I have read this book I feel that I have Damien as a companion for the rest of my days. This is no addition to my spiritual experience, and I thank Mr. Farrow for it.¹⁸

In another passage, Walpole describes of Farrow's writing style is, coincidentally, an accurate account of his directing style as he has:

Mr. Farrow is never indolent. He does not often build up the character... from the inside, but less it gradually live of itself through the action.¹⁹

Later that year, Pope Pius XI made Farrow a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of



WOLF SONG (VICTOR HARRIS, 1934)



THE CAPTIVE OF ZANZIBAR (G. W. PABST IN THE WOODS OF CONCOCHTO IN KENYA, 1935)



THE LAST OF THE PAGANS (RICHARD THORPE, 1935), WITH MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN AND JOHNNY WEISSMULLER



THE CAPTIVE OF ZANZIBAR (G. W. PABST IN THE WOODS OF CONCOCHTO IN KENYA, 1935)



THE CAPTIVE OF ZANZIBAR (G. W. PABST IN THE WOODS OF CONCOCHTO IN KENYA, 1935)



THE CAPTIVE OF ZANZIBAR (G. W. PABST IN THE WOODS OF CONCOCHTO IN KENYA, 1935)



to mirror an inner struggle others have noticed in Farrow's work and life: Michael Pate, for one, talks of a "kind of ambivalence in his nature. I don't think even he fully understood what he was. So, it's very difficult for someone else to."

In 1939, two more Farrow-directed films were released by RKO: *Married and In Love*, about two former lovers (Alan Marshall and Helen Vernon) who meet again when married to others, and *A Bill of Divorcement*, a remake of the George Cukor classic (still a remake), this time starring Margaret O'Brien and Adolphe Menjou.

World War was now raging in Europe and Farrow, having been born in Australia, was officially a British citizen. As the U.S. did not enter the War until late 1941, the main option for U.S.-based "British" volunteers was to cross the northern border into Canada, a fellow member of the Commonwealth. Farrow joined the Royal Canadian Navy, first in the Information Department and later at sea in the North Atlantic. He served on the extremely dangerous *Adrian* for convicts and quickly rose to the rank of Lieutenant Commander in both the British and Royal Canadian navies.

In 1941, Farrow was assigned to an anti-submarine vessel, where he caught a severe case of typhus and nearly died. He was treated out and returned to Los Angeles. O'Sullivan gave up her film career and tended him back to health at their Beverly Hills home. Later, he received decorations from Spain, France and Romania, and was honored as a Commander of the French Empire.

While recovering, Harrow wrote two books, *The History and Development of the Royal Canadian Navy and Pages of the Ropes* (1942), an overview of the papery Parliament then offered him the chance to return to filmmaking with the war drama, *White Island* (1942). In its story of the heroic to the last-man defence of the American Pacific island base after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Harrow won the New York Film Critics' Award for Best Direction (Beating John Ford's winning run of the previous three years) and achieved a first for an Australian, an Academy Award nomination for Direction. (The Award itself went to William Wyler for *Mr. Roberts*.)

[illegible]

THOUGH HAVING BEEN SOON in the heated atmosphere immediately following the attack on Pearl Harbor, Wake Island manages to avoid most of the clichés of its genre. It is startlingly realistic and almost entirely free of jingoism: there is not one speech about fighting for the flag or the American way of life, though there is an understandable call to arms against the Japanese.

The dialogue between the men on this barren island crapsite is mostly under-restriction, and the writers catch exactly the right tone. A first example is in the wrenchingly underplayed scene where Lieutenant Cameron (Blairmond Carey) asks Major Catoon (Brian Reddy) permission to fly what is obviously a suicide mission (Cameron's wife having been killed at Pearl Harbor). Farow has wisely realized that Cameron's fictions speak with sufficient eloquence not to need false dramatization.

In part, Farrow's sensitivity in handling the material comes from his obvious affinity with the masses, no doubt stemming from his own experiences in the Marine Corps. The relationship between the most rural of the variety of experience rather than a screenwriter's



（一）本局自成立以來，承蒙各界人士之愛護與支持，業務發展迅速，現已具備一定之規模。為擴大服務範圍，特於本市各區增設辦事處，以方便民眾辦理各項業務。凡有業務需要者，請逕向各區辦事處洽辦，或逕向本局總機接洽。本局將竭誠為您服務，以期達到滿意之效果。



STORY: JONATHAN BENTON FOR THE BUREAU OF
PRESS IN THE CAPITAL; PHOTO: THE BUREAU OF
PRESS. HIS WORK ON THE FILM HAS AN ACCIDENT
AND HE HAS BEEN KILLED BY A CAR.

another. Even the measure of humor, though clearly derived from a Hollywood tradition, seems predicated by Farrow's love and respect for these men. (William Bendin is quite superb here.)

Farrow's direction, which is often brilliant, at best wobbles in the long sequence where the Japanese ships start bombing the island. Major Caxon has decided not to return fire immediately, hoping to entice the Japanese ships closer to shore. Farrow subtly builds the tension with an almost Brechtian understanding of mise-en-scène (and that is justifiably). There is virtually no dialogue, the primary sounds being the booming guns and a gunner's rhapsodic calling out of the ships' range. The compositions are masterfully precise (and near perfectly shot by Theodor Sparkuhl).

Farrow intercuts between stark images of destruction and close-ups of near-exhausted men faces as the men stoically wait out the barrage for their opportunity to return fire. And when that time comes, their charge into action is supported with predictably stirring music. Not again, it seems, one will have to endure an over-the-top sequel of *American Heroes*. But almost immediately the music fades and the resultant battle is matter-of-factly staged, the camera according it with almost documentary starkness. And as the time approaches when the men must face inevitable death, there is no false heroism, just the old humanism here to help bear the unbearable tension.

In its quietly unassuming way, *Wake Island* is one of the finest and most moving war films ever made.

THE SAME YEAR, 1942, Farrow made for Columbia his second war film, *Commander Strike at Dawn*. Starring Paul Muni as a Norwegian resistance leader, the film used locations in British Columbia, and had assistance from the Royal Canadian Navy, in which Farrow had served.

COMMANDER STRIKE AT DAWN

WHILE *Wake Island* brilliantly evokes a dusty, sun-blasted island, *Commander Strike at Dawn* is a deceptively pastoral recreation of the effects of war on a peaceful Norwegian fjord village.

The centre of the war is far off and many of the villagers hope to live through it undisturbed. And even when a contingent of German soldiers comes to oversee the surrounding area, the temptation is to go on as if nothing has happened ("The morning will run, Germans or no-Germans"). But for Erik Torsen (Paul Muni), a quiet, sensitive man, that becomes increasingly difficult. Distressed by the cold acts of Nazi brutality, he grapples with a mounting desire to see war rise to overthrow their evil. As he says, "I have lived a quiet life. The Germans have not lived quiet lives. We must learn from them, how to become gangsters, thugs..." That resolve leads to a military victory, but also to his own death.

As with *Wake Island*, the story is calmly and effectively told. Though there are some conventional Hollywood aspects to the plotting, Farrow, as usual, nevertheless draws soft underplaying. What dominates is Farrow's interest in the tensions between religion in principle and the necessity for (at times) less noble action.

On a technical level, the film is particularly interesting in showcasing what would become a Farrow trademark: the anxious and frantically tracking shot. Often taking several minutes and covering much ground, it seductively draws the audience into the characters' lives and world. In *Commander Strike at Dawn*, the tension shot is during a wedding celebration. Running backwards and forwards through several rooms, Farrow masterfully establishes the relationship of one village to another, delineating character and social position in a way that editing alone would make look forced. And despite the shot's length (six-and-a-half minutes)... Farrow does not struggle with the problem that bedevils most like-minded directors that is, having actors take unlikely walking jaunts or perform needless tasks just to stay in frame.

In *Commander Strike at Dawn*, Farrow is still experimenting with technique. By the time of *When Danger Loomed* and *Mr. Kind of Woman*, he will have perfected it to a state of near genius.

THE NEXT YEAR, and back at Paramount (where he would stay till 1950), Farrow directed only one film. *Olson* is regarded as a "hard-hitting propaganda war film"²⁰ with Alan Ladd as an "uncompromising trader of goods without conscience or national loyalty"²¹. The film also stars Loneta Young and that Farrow regular, William Bendin.

In 1944 came yet another war film, *The Hitler Gang* which chronicles Hitler's life from his founding of the National Socialist Party to his appointment as Reich Chancellor in 1934. Producer B. G. DeSylva apparently financed the film to counteract a Nazi documentary he had seen, and at least one critic (in *The New York Times*) found Robert Watson's portrayal of Hitler such that "Hitler ended up looking less evil than his henchman"²².

That year, Farrow also directed the stark *Two Years Before the Mast* (not released until 1946). Alan Ladd plays Charles Stewart, the spoiled son of a shipowner who is strangled by the



FARROW'S ISLAND WAR FILM. THE QUINCY JEFFREY COMMANDER, STRIKE AT DAWN (1942). HERE SEE TORSER (PAUL MUNI) COMMANDER OF RESISTANCE FORCES OF FJORD. (IN A TOWNSHIPMAN)



WILLIAM BENDIN, ALAN LADD, JONETA YOUNG AND JONETA YOUNG IN BARRON'S THREE HITTING FOR FARRAR'S WAR FILM. (IN A TOWNSHIPMAN)



BARRON'S THREE HITTING FOR FARRAR'S WAR FILM. (IN A TOWNSHIPMAN) BARRON'S THREE HITTING FOR FARRAR'S WAR FILM. (IN A TOWNSHIPMAN)

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THE BIG CLOCK

GEORGE SEXTON (Roy Milford) is the editor of *Conveyer*, one of the successful stable of magazines owned by magnate Earl Janoth (Charles Laughton). Only hours before leaving on a second "honeymoon" with his long-suffering but independently minded wife, Georgette (Marion G. Halpern), George is fired by Janoth. He so consoles himself at his favorite bar with Janoth's mistress, Pauline York (Rita Johnson), that he misses his train. Thereafter, he becomes involved in a series of events that leads to Pauline's murder.

The next day, the *Conveyer* staff is sent out by Janoth in search of the murderer. The chase swiftly escalates and all point towards George. It then becomes a race against time for George to clear his name.

The film's opening shot is probably Farrow's most dazzling: the camera tilts across the New York skyline at night, before tracking through space and in a second-story window of the Janoth building, where it picks up a harried George fleeing from the armed guards, then follows him across a hall and up the stairs into the control room of the city's big clock, where he sees guards milling in the foyer below, before pulling back to reveal the face of the clock. The image then dissolves to a time 36 hours and 36 minutes earlier and the story of how George found himself in this life-threatening mess begins.

Not only is this heinous filmmaking (it even bears comparison with Welles' opening to *Touch of Evil*), it neatly establishes several stated themes of the film: the importance of time in Janoth's delusional universe, and the various levels and private spaces of the building, which indicate not only a physical reality but a social structure, with Janoth in the penthouse and his minions below. That is why Janoth's ultimate fate involves plunging down an elevator shaft to the very floor below.

Janoth's entrance into the narrative is superbly handled. Farrow tilts down from a clock in the elevator-shaft opening, Janoth stridently thunders his board meeting, causing hysterical commotion and remarking that, "There are 2 billion, 80 million and 171 thousand seconds in the average man's life." And he is prepared to fire anyone who makes him waste even a few. In fact, Janoth is so obsessed with time that when George pleases him with a salesboosting suggestion, Janoth replies, "You struck 12."

The tension over whether George can locate the real murderer before he finds himself framed and in the hands of the police, never falters. John Sera's lighting, while more mid-gray than usual in a film noir, is masterly, and the performances bristle with wit. Laughton is wonderfully psychotic and Elsa Lanchester maximizes her small part as an eccentric painter whose works George collects. She greets an art critic who once savaged her work with "Come in Mr. Kluksman... I've been planning to kill you for years", and she fails to hand George over to the police because "I have few enough collectors without sending one to jail."

With a lightness of tone exceptional for film noir, *The Big Clock* showcases Farrow's versatility with genre. Seductively craftsmanship, it is 1940s Hollywood filmmaking at its finest.

ABOVE: FULCRUM SHOT FOR THE BIG CLOCK WITH ACTORS CHARLES LAUGHTON AND RITA JOHNSON



TOP: BARBARA BETHUNE (LEFT) MARIAN LEE (MID) ROBERT H. JACKSON (J. HULYARD) AND PAULINE YORK (RITA JOHNSON) AND (BE THE FURIOUS HASTINGS) EARL JANOTH (CHARLES LAUGHTON) RIGHT: ROY MILFORD, PAULINE YORK, IN BARROW'S FILM NOIR CLASSIC, THE BIG CLOCK (1946)



ALAN LADD, ROBERT MONTGOMERY AND JOAN COLLINS ARE IN FAREWELL'S HIGH ADULT WORLD, *BEYOND GLASS* (1948).

Tom and George followed by *Sleepy Gley* (1946), a warlike story about war guilt. Alan Ladd plays a soldier plagued by his memories and tortured by others' misunderstandings about an incident in the war where he blacked out and his commanding officer was killed. Both his life and career seem to be a hopeless endeavor until, in his court-martial for slapping West Point, he is finally cleared.

Farrow's third film that year was another film noir, the classic *Night Has a Thousand Eyes*. John Tranton (Edward G. Robinson) is a man trapped by the witness he has of other people's crimes. According to Joan Collins in *Pink News* (3), it was being made it was last seen by this author, who recalls being charmed at the time⁵¹, the film is a

psychological thriller with its story here posed on the brink of doom. It is primarily the feeling of doom throughout the film that separates it from most mysteries... Farrow's direction of [Edward] Lyndon and [Jonathan] Lammert's script [well based on a Cornell Woolrich novel] is masterly realistic. The audience must be sure that such things happen in an otherwise normal world... In a new sense, man, once cleared or convicted, the future life is pathetic for the man, who is helpless and useless despite his efforts to avoid tragedy. Tranton's dilemma is epitomized when he tells his best friend 'suddenly, I had become a reverse gambler, the world was dead and I was living.' *Night Has a Thousand Eyes* depicts the noir universe at its darkest.⁵²

In 1949 came *Alan Rick Bell*, an updated retelling of the Faust story. Ray Milland is Nick Bell, alias the Devil, who happens with, and is tricked by, a crusading judge (Thomas Mitchell). Farrow's direction has been praised for "faddy making[ing] the well-written script and the strange set designs to effect an otherworld feeling"⁵³. Ray Milland recalls

I loved that picture. Farrow was a strange man... He was always writing scripts. He... was very good for me and very good with me. We got along very well together, though he was the man cranked most on the lot, but a good director.⁵⁴

Farrow then directed *Red, Hot and Blue* (1949), his first feature on which he had a screenwriter credit. The film is a commercially successful cross between musical comedy and crime story. Betty Hutton and Victor Mature star as a singing Broadway actress and director. It was followed by *Coppey Coppey* (1949), the story of Jonathan Trumbull (Ray Milland), who leads from his command in the Confederate army during the Civil War. The romantic interest is provided by Lee Remick (Betty Lammert). The film was shot by the great Charles Lang and is generally considered one of those Farrow films where the beautifully captured landscapes help point over the lesser moments.

Farrow then left Paramount and directed what may well be his masterpiece, *When Danger Lies* (1950), the first of two films with Robert Montgomery. In his biography of Michelson, George Kelly writes:

Michelson and director John Farrow met quite by accident and embarked on a madcap drinking match... During the next few hours, they dreamed up a story, decided on Susan Hayward as the leading woman, and assembled an entire package to their heads. Confronting themselves on their accomplishments, they staggered to their cars. Nine morning a hang-over Farrow called to enquire whether Michelson was serious about proceeding with these plans. Michelson hesitated. Eventually, each man revealed that he remembered nothing about the story they had spent the evening fantasizing. Nevertheless, Michelson casually spoke to The Phantom (Howard Hughes) and RKO took on *When Danger Lies*, produced and directed by Farrow, with Michelson, and Hughes's latest protégé, Ruth Roman, as the leads.⁵⁵

Margaret O'Sullivan plays a small part in the film. She recalls the film's enigmatic situation:

I have actually seen Howard Hughes. He was never on the lot when we were making *When Danger Lies* at RKO but he used to have dinner with us occasionally. He was a great friend of John's. I didn't find him odd – that was before he was odd, I suppose. He was a rather good-looking, shy man, not all that outgoing apparently – what I mean is that he was not very nice and he say anything that I can remember. He was very conservatively dressed and quite nice. People always said how hard it was to get Howard on the phone, but John always got through.⁵⁶



TOP: VIRGINIA BRUCE, EDWARD G. ROBINSON, ALAN LADD, JOHN TRANTON: A MAN TRAPPED BY MISUNDERSTANDING AND JEALOUSY (EDWARD G. ROBINSON, ALAN LADD, JOHN TRANTON, VIRGINIA BRUCE) IN *BEYOND GLASS* (1948). "THE DEVIL" (RAY MILLAND) IN *BEYOND GLASS* (1949).



VICTOR MATURE AND BETTY HUTTON IN FAREWELL'S *RED, HOT AND BLUE* (1949). "THE DEVIL" (RAY MILLAND) IN *BEYOND GLASS* (1949).



JOHN'S PHOTOP (EDWARD G. ROBINSON) AND THE "DEVIL" (RAY MILLAND) IN *BEYOND GLASS* (1949). "THE DEVIL" (RAY MILLAND) IN *BEYOND GLASS* (1949).



EDWARD G. ROBINSON (EDWARD G. ROBINSON) WITH BETTY HUTTON (BETTY HUTTON) AND VICTOR MATURE (VICTOR MATURE).



WHERE DANGER LIVES

JOE CONRAD (Robert Montgomery) is a kindly, uncomplaining doctor working in a San Francisco public hospital. He casually takes life as it comes, calmly pushing his private-practice work and his relationship with girlfriend Julie (Maureen O'Sullivan). But things change when Margo Lawrence (Gladys Domingo) is brought in after a failed suicide attempt. Jeff quickly develops a "fatal attraction" for her, which leads, as usual elsewhere in film noir, to murder.

Jeff visits Margo's darkly opulent home, where he is becomes involved in a nasty fight with her husband, Frederick (a magnificently sinister performance by Claude Rains). Jeff is able to sidestep his opponent with a flooring punch, but not before he has been repeatedly struck on the head with an iron police. Jeff momentarily loses consciousness, and when he finally comes to he is still severely dazed. Mistakenly believing he has killed Frederick, Jeff is easily convinced by Margo into fleeing San Francisco for the Mexican border. On the drive south, his obsessive worries, increasingly moving towards paranoia and crime. The film's dramatic tension declines, in part, from whether Jeff can break free of her deadly spell before the police or his coma can overtake him.

Contrary to much film noir practice, Jeff is saved in film's end, though Margo means. After having failed to shoot him, she is fatally wounded by a border guard and dies with her fingers reaching through the border's mesh fence to the freedom of the other side. Her final words are, "I did it alone. He didn't even have the sense to know... Nobody goes out." (The last remark is an order of defiance, not self-pay.) Margo dies under the duress. People were only useful to her in helping achieve her scheme, the omnipresent danger was that they might get too intimately close, as Jeff discovered too late. For her, the only solution to the end is either to kill Jeff or die alone. That is why she confronts the police, saving him from a death sentence. When she is going, she wants no company.

In contrasting Margo's pathological attraction with Jeff's sexual attraction, Farrow and scriptwriter Charles Bennett partially evoke the case with which one partner can manipulate the other in an unequal sexual relationship. Margo's encourages Jeff's overactive imagination with flirt, and her advancing consciousness becomes a brilliant metaphor for his emotional loss of control. (Montgomery's performance here is one of his finest, using his whole body to frighteningly convey increasing paranoia. Jeff's fall down the stairs is as much a moral collapse as a physical one.)

Others, film noir have a central character, like a Philip Marlowe, with the skills and wit to remain ahead of the shadowy characters trying to ensnare him. In *Where Danger Lives*, none of the principal characters has that edge: they are all tragically flawed, one stumbling step from the abyss. When Margo grabs hold of Jeff after killing Frederick, she stares directly into the camera. Everyone is implicated in her act of sexual manipulation, forced to challenge how we see our failures of behavior. Because it is morally unsettling, it is one of the most chilling moments in cinema.

• • • • •

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: ROBERT MONTGOMERY (JEFF CARSON) IS IMPASSIONED BY HIS SUSPECT; FREDERICK LAWRENCE (CLAUDE RAINS) IS BRAGGING TO HER; MARGO LAWRENCE (GLADYS DOMINGO) IS BRAGGING TO HER; MARGO LAWRENCE (GLADYS DOMINGO) IS BRAGGING TO HER; MARGO LAWRENCE (GLADYS DOMINGO) IS BRAGGING TO HER.



TOP LEFT: MONTGOMERY (JEFF CARSON) IS IMPASSIONED BY HIS SUSPECT; FREDERICK LAWRENCE (CLAUDE RAINS) IS BRAGGING TO HER; MARGO LAWRENCE (GLADYS DOMINGO) IS BRAGGING TO HER; MARGO LAWRENCE (GLADYS DOMINGO) IS BRAGGING TO HER; MARGO LAWRENCE (GLADYS DOMINGO) IS BRAGGING TO HER.



Throughout the filming of *Where Danger Lives*, Mitchum and Farrow continued their spiced romance. Troy Carrott recounts:

Joan [Farrow] had mixed very little of life, good or bad, but he suffered no guilt feelings whatsoever. Mitchum said to her one day, "Man, you bug me. I've known some tough cats in my time, but you're a real nice exception — the toughest. How can you profess to being a good Catholic? It's over BARE, go to Confession!"

Joan was purely "Sweet. To one of the oldest churches in California. You know that old Spanish mission on the Plaza in downtown L.A.? I go down there about every week or so and tell everything.

Everything!

Everything. Sometimes I'm in the Confessional as long as an hour."

Mitchum's chat dropped. "My God? What does the priest say?"

Joan grinned. "Nothing. He just gives me absolution. The priest himself doesn't understand, or speak, a word of English."

Given Farrow's reputation, it is tempting to interpret O'Sullivan's two roles as her husband's film personas arising on their own relationship. In *The Big Clock*, she plays a devoted but independently minded wife; in *Where Danger Lives*, a gentle and long-suffering girlfriend. In both films, O'Sullivan's man breaks appointments to spend time with another woman, giving hardly a thought to how hurtful/guilt-laden will feel or react. Yet, in each case, she stands by him and forgives, aware of his flaws but glad he is back. By the films' closure, there is the sense of a relationship renewed, an expectation of better times ahead, but tempered with a realization (forced for Hollywood) that there may well be problems. The usage of husband and wife at the end of *The Big Clock*, O'Sullivan's body drawn seductively against his, a very hot, loving smile on her lips, is as touching a cinematic closure as cinema has proffered.

After *Where Danger Lives*, Farrow and Robert Mitchum teamed again to make one of the great American films of the 1950s, and unquestionably one of the most eccentric, *My Kind of Woman* ("What kind of woman would that be?", Mitchum inquired). Inventively mixing many film styles, including film noir and comedy, it postfigures such films as Francis Trufaut's *Two or Three Things I Love About My Mother* (1988). But it is too detached the studio it was not released until 1981.



ON THE ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIP OF FELLOW CAST MEMBERS (L-R) MITCHUM AND FARROW IN *WHERE DANGER LIVES* AND *THE BIG CLOCK*.



JOAN CRAWFORD AND BOB HOWARD (FRONT) VAN CLAMPS. "THIS IS CRAWFORD AS BOB'S GIRLFRIEND. THAT'S BOB." BOB BIRD OF WOODWARD

Farrow's film she is simply a voyeur, like everyone else. Ultimately, she is thrust aside by the plot wherein, at least in this context, adheres to the conventions of the thriller, but never for a moment does she compromise her integrity or her desire.

Nevertheless, like just about everybody else in the film, she adopts a guise to get by. Pretending to be Lenore, "a spoiled child of the rich", she is in fact Lenore on her back and trying to change it. When Milner enters her life, she is "somebody else's woman", Claudine seeming to represent her main chance.

Significantly, she brings out the best in him too, for though he's a cold, married and a philanderer with a history, his devotion to her needs proves to be beyond question. When she urges him to help Milner, making a case where her romantic preferences be, he hesitates only to quit Lenore and then it's off to the rescue. The screen washbasin who thought he was a fake gets a chance to discover that he's not. He launches himself into the fray with one of the script's many wonderful puns: "The time has come to act!"

This film is a Hollywood fantasy: the performances show real dialogue sparkles. Never for a moment does the pace let up, despite Farrow's constant reiterations of one which see the melodramatic and the screwball often separated by no more than a frame. If they ask in a hundred years what Hollywood was like, *The King of Women* could be a reasonable reply.

THE NEXT YEAR as he made his two Blackham chances, Farrow came into confrontation with the McCarthy forces then pouncing the film industry of suspected Leftists. The Right biggared its greatest victory that year with the jailing of the Hollywood Ten²⁶, who had refused to tell the House Committee on Un-American Activities if they were members of the Communist Party. It was not a time for the fast-talking to stand against the tide of reaction, for that could mean blacklisting and the end of a career.

David B. DeMille decided to have his own purge of the industry and established the DeMille Foundation for Americanism to stampede donors on all screen directors' "Leftist" affiliations. One of the people in DeMille's network was Joseph L. Mankiewicz, then President of the influential Screen Directors Guild of America, Inc. DeMille was only a board member but he saw himself as a kingmaker and was hell-bent on removing Mankiewicz. The man he chose to fight Mankiewicz on what was a loyalty oath DeMille wanted imposed on all SDG members. Mankiewicz felt such an oath infringed Constitutional freedoms.²⁷

DeMille began to apply the pressure: articles appeared in the press calling Mankiewicz a "jerk" and a "filthy scoundrel", and all his films were severely scorned by DeMille's associates to try to find instances of Communist sympathies (they found none). DeMille and select SDG board members then decided to get rid of Mankiewicz as president by means of a recall motion. Ballot papers were prepared an anonymous assembly and, in Radioactive fashion, had only time to vote "Yes" in the recall motion. DeMille insisted they also had to be signed. He then announced that private SDG membership list, and scratched off 25 names of those he felt might be sympathetic to Mankiewicz. Misanthropic messengers then delivered the ballots to the "approved" members that night.²⁸

DeMille's plot was working perfectly until a messenger arrived at the Beverly Hills home of John Farrow. Appalled by what was happening, Farrow tried to reach Joe Mankiewicz, but on finding messenger to locate his brother, Herman. In his autobiography, *A Life, The Screen* quotes Joe Mankiewicz's version of events.

"I was watching a movie, and my brother, Herman, gave me on the phone and says, 'What do you and Andrew Jackson have in common?' I said, 'How do you see me?' And he said, 'You are, this instant, being approached. John Farrow just came over and he gave me a whole bunch of handwritten ballots, all blessed by various papers, and John wants you to come the next day over here because that's where they're going to vote on me.' I means that George Marshall, one of the old-timers, had shown up at Farrow's house in the driver of a motorcycle and he walked into John's house and said, 'Hi, John. Sign this. And John said, 'I will see you a.'"²⁹

The next day, a hastily arranged meeting of Mankiewicz and his key supporters was held in the back room of Chasen's restaurant. They decided to petition the SDG for a special meeting to counter the proposed recall of the President. Twenty-five of the world's greatest directors courageously signed that petition, knowing full well they could be signing away their careers. The 25 included John Huston, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Nicholas Ray, Billy Wilder and William Wyler. The 26th signature was John Farrow's.

The special meeting of the SDG was held on October 22 in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Farrow and the other signatories were present, along with some 500 others. The mood was explosive, and Mankiewicz was in a particularly shaky state, having asked Elia Kazan to accompany him for moral support, but Kazan had declined it.

The meeting began at 7:30 p.m. and lasted about a half-hour. Mankiewicz rose and gave a powerful one-hour speech which quickly won over the audience. Then it was DeMille's turn. He attacked the 25 signatories and claimed that most were affiliated with subversive organizations. The speech was not greeted well. Then that great humanitarian, George Seizma, gave a telling speech ("As the subject of Communism is often the theme, brother, if they can do it better [than DeMille's group], they are pretty good.") and managed to win a Guild member.



THE PETITION SUBMITTED TO PRESIDENT DEWELAND. SIGNING THE PETITION OF THE THIRTIETH HOUR TO RECALL JOHN MANKIEWICZ FROM PRESIDENT. JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ. MANKIEWICZ'S SIGNATURE IS NO. 25

Finally, cause the historic moment. There was a man of 12 sitting up the back who had remained silent throughout it all. Slowly he got to his feet, the room went quiet:

My name's John Ford. I make Westerns. I don't think there is anyone in this room who knows more about what the American public wants than Cecil B. DeMille – and he certainly knows how to give it to them. In that respect I admire him.²⁰

Ford then turned to look at DeMille:

But I don't like you, C.B. I don't like what you stand for and I don't like what you're promoting here tonight. Joe has been vilified, and I think he needs an apology.

The war was a long silence. DeMille did not move and Ford continued, talking for the indignation of the house. Farrow then rose to his feet and said that a mass emigration would look as if one side had won at the expense of the other. He argued that a show of unity was imperative, and was backed up by King Vidor. But Ford was adamant about the correct course of action:

I believe there is only one alternative, and I hereby propose that DeMille and the entire board of directors resign and that we give Joe a vote of confidence – and then let's all go home and get some sleep. We've got some pictures to make tomorrow.

Walter Lang seconded the motion, Ford sat down and lit his pipe. DeMille's board resigned and Markiewicz was given an unanimous vote of confidence. Bases were up.

The stars who lived the battle, an extension of the night, were not from the left. Many were 'reactionaries' like John Ford or Jack Ford. But all were for the way of freedom and democracy. What they were defending was classic Americanism, our basic way of living with each other in this country. And they'd succeeded.²¹

In the end, Farrow's stand did not harm his career. But at the time he could not have known this. In the face of intense political pressure, he, like his co-signatories, had taken a courageous and principled stand.

The next year, 1954, Farrow directed *Submarine Command*, the story of a submarine's executive officer, Commander White (William Holden), who has been court-martialed by his decision on the last day of the war to make a sudden dive, thereby drowning his wounded skipper and quartermaster who were still on deck. The film has echoes of Farrow's earlier *Beyond Glory*, White being played by self-doubts and tormented by his torpedoman (William Redden). It is only by dint of courageous action during the Korean War that White regains his self-respect.

Farrow also did some uncredited direction that year on William Dieterle's *Red Moon*, when Dieterle became ill. The film is a highly-regarded Western set during the American Civil War, with Alan Ladd, Lizabeth Scott and Arthur Kennedy.

In 1955, Farrow made another Western, *Redi, Vagabond!* It is not a particularly successful film, having a ragged plotline and a choppy pace that suggests overzealous post-production cuts. But even allowing for these, it is hard to explain the unusually laudable direction or the often wonderful performance. The one notable exception is Anthony Quinn, who makes his just Spanish one of the most dynamic and engaging Mexican bandits in *Vagabond* cinema.

One particularly obscure relationship is that between Cordelia (Ann Gardner) and that run-with-a-gun, Rio (Robert Taylor). When she 'finds' the man, Cordelia acts as if they have met before. But this is not some thing ever referred to again, and is in fact contradicted by later dialogue. Perhaps the studio rewrote their relationship in postproduction out of what had been shot.

Notre-dame reviewer Bill Collins, however, has suggested an intriguing reading, with the essentially homosexual Rio responding sexually to a woman for the first time.²² Collins likens it to the relationship between the enigmatic Laura (Gene Tierney) and the gay Weldon (Clifton Webb) in Otto Preminger's *Laura* (1944).

Farrow made eight more films in the 1950s, for a variety of studios. *Notary Day, Plunder of the Sun and Mondo* (1953); *A Baller in Waiting* (1954); *The Sea Chase* (1955); *Back from Eternity* (1957), a poor remake of *Five Came Back*; *The Dakey Wife*; and *John Paul Jones* (1958).

Notary Day is quite forgettable. Set (supposedly) in his native Australia during the early days of white colonisation, the film achieves neither authenticity nor drama. It's only interest is in its lush visualisation of Australian flora and fauna, not unlike that seen in the worst of the Arncliffe's beach films.

Plunder of the Sun, with Glenn Ford and Deane Lynn, is the story of a group of treasure hunters looking for gold in the Zapotecan temples of Mexico. Made for John Wynn's production company, Badja Pictures, it was a modest success.

Glenn Ford and Farrow had planned to do more films together, but they so failed to get on during the filming that Ford pulled out of the next one, *Mondo Where*, who had planned merely to produce the film, was left without a lead. A great admirer of the script, he took on the lead role of the cowboy hunter K.

Filmed in 3-D by Robert Burke and Arthur Scur, *Mondo* is a highly-regarded film, also praised for being the first major Western to adequately portray the discrimination and marginalised by the American Indians in the face of white colonisation. Michael Pele, who starred as the Indian chief, Cochise, recalls:



PERFORMANCE OF JOHN FORD (WILLIAM HOLDEN) AND COMMANDER WHITE (WILLIAM HOLDEN) IN FARRROW'S *SUBMARINE COMMAND* (1954).



WILLIAM REDDEN & BOB HOODMAN (WITH ALAN LADD AND ARTHUR KENNEDY) FARRROW DIRECTS *REDI, VAGABOND!* (1955) (REPRODUCED WITH CREDIT TO FARRROW)



THE DIRECTOR (FARRROW) WITH ALAN LADD AND BOB HOODMAN, ANTHONY QUINN IN FARRROW'S *REDI, VAGABOND!* (1955) (REPRODUCED WITH CREDIT TO FARRROW)



REARBY DAY (1957) FARRROW'S UNUSUAL FILM, REARBY DAY OF THE COUNTRY IS EARLY WHITE HUNTER WITH ALAN LADD AND JAMES BRADY



1924: THE APPOINTED VICTIM (CENTRAL), PAUL HENREID, AND HIS WIFE (LEFT) AND JOHN WAYNE (RIGHT) IN THE TROPICAL ISLANDS. JOHN WAYNE AND PAUL HENREID WERE THE FIRST TO BE SHOT IN THE TROPICAL ISLANDS. A YEAR BEFORE THE FILM WAS RELEASED IN AMERICAN ISLANDS.



ABOVE: CAPTAIN CARL (JOHN WAYNE) AND PAUL HENREID (JOHN WAYNE) IN THE TROPICAL ISLANDS. THE FILM (CENTRAL) PAUL HENREID IN THE TROPICAL ISLANDS. ABOVE: CAPTAIN CARL (JOHN WAYNE) AND PAUL HENREID (JOHN WAYNE) IN THE TROPICAL ISLANDS.



ABOVE: CAPTAIN CARL (JOHN WAYNE) AND PAUL HENREID (JOHN WAYNE) IN THE TROPICAL ISLANDS. THE FILM (CENTRAL) PAUL HENREID IN THE TROPICAL ISLANDS. ABOVE: CAPTAIN CARL (JOHN WAYNE) AND PAUL HENREID (JOHN WAYNE) IN THE TROPICAL ISLANDS.

Wayne and Farrow were very conscious that the film was trying to say something about what had been done to the Indians. It was on everyone's mind.

Melodrama based on a story by Louis L'Amour, "The Gift of Cochise", and, as you know, L'Amour was a very genuine writer on Indian rights, ideas and stories. And the screenplay was written by James Edward Grant, who was one of the great screenwriters of all time. It was a really beautiful script, you could read it like a fine novel.

Mia looked up on screen but it is different making a picture. Even with the best intentions in the world, you sometimes just can't get up there.

One writer on Westerns, John Tuck, feels the filmakers were successful and writes that it is "the closest one can come to a personal statement from [John Wayne] on previous hate he regards[d] the struggle with the Indian nation".⁴²

Director John Ford came and stayed Wayne on location in Mexico. Farrow recalls

I thought John [Farrow] did pretty well to hold a lot of the elements together. But towards the end of the picture he was rather impatient to get back to Hollywood and start another project. So John Ford, who had come down on location to see Wayne, ended up doing all the second-unit work.

I remember Ford arriving towards the end of the filming. We had this wonderful picnic on the banks of the river that ran through the location. Ford sat down and had a particular chat with Philipps [Farrow's wife]. I remember many, many years before he had been treated with Philipps [Farrow], who was one of his leading ladies, Louise Dresser. He got terribly upset to think about the whole thing and ignored me completely.

Farrow's next film was *A Bullet is Waiting*, a "disastrous" hide film⁴³ about a criminal (Ray Collins) and a sheriff (the then McMillin) whose plane crashes in the backwoods. They are forced to hide up in a small cabin owned by Cully (Joan Simmonds) and her father (Brian Aherne). *The Motion Picture Guide* considers it "Overlong and very tatty".⁴⁴

The *Los Angeles Times* (along with John Wayne) is a far less successful teaming than *Melodrama*, Wayne unconsciously playing a German war captain and Lorna Turner a Tennessee girl. It is a curious aspect of Farrow's career that the scathing film of this former woman spy, with the notable exception of *Two Four Eight the Mint*, among his least successful.

On 3 November 1934, in the middle of shooting, Farrow gave away Peter Palencia, Ford's leading actress, at her wedding to John Wayne.

In 1935, Farrow co-wrote the screen adaptation of Jules Verne's *Around the World in 80 Days*. He also began as director and did the Spanish sequences. But disagreements with producer White Todd led to Farrow's resignation and subsequent replacement by Michael Anderson, who went on to win the Academy Award for Best Director. Farrow did, however, win the Oscar for Best Screenplay with co-writers S. J. Perelman and James Poe. It was the first time an American had won an Academy Award in what is regarded as a major category.

The Spanish sequences, with the very long hallways, are stylistically anomalous to the rest of the film, having a more documentary feel. Perhaps they reflect Farrow's long interest in Spanish traditions and history. What is curious is why Anderson and Todd seem to have made so little effort to incorporate these sequences seamlessly into the rest of the film. One doesn't know how Farrow intended to run these scenes, but it would be surprising if he were happy with the final result.

That same year, Farrow had published in Cambridge, England, *Seven Poems in Prose*. A limited edition of only 150 copies was printed.

In 1937, Farrow directed *The Undying Wife* (1937), a "provocative crime thriller"⁴⁵ with Rod Steiger, and Diana Lynn in her first American film role. The publicity had a provocative (for its time) tag "Half Angel, Half Devil, She Made Him Half A Man". The director of photography was Lucien Ballard.

I remember everyone told me how tough John Farrow was. The first day on the picture... I came into the set and he had my camera all right up at me. I moved the camera away fast, and said, "Take a look at this [John]. I think you might like it better." And he did. It was just that to our husbands had the nerve to do anything like that before. He seemed out to have an excellent visual sense – he liked anything a camera would like.⁴⁶

The next year, Farrow and his entire family moved to Spain for the making of *John Paul Jones* (1939), about Amarna's first mate here. Again it was a project to which Farrow was greatly suited, but his direction is flat and it remains one of his weakest films. Its only real interest is that it marks the screen debut of two Farrow-O'Neil children in the movies: the young John Charles and (the uncredited) Mia, who both had small roles. In most ways, it is a sad conclusion to a career marked with qualities of greatness.

On *John Paul Jones'* completion, the Farrowes moved to England to live, though it was Patrick continued as college in Los Angeles. Then came the tragic news that the 19-year-old boy had been killed in a nuclear plane crash over California. The family, with the exception of Mia, who remained at her convent in Surrey, returned immediately to Los Angeles. Because of Farrow's having served in the U.S. Marines, they formed a guard of honour at the funeral.

Two years later, Mia returned to Los Angeles where, after one more year's schooling, she developed an interest in acting. But having seen the down side of Hollywood ambition, Farrow was deeply opposed to her pursuing acting as a career. In a way sent back to England and attending school there. But after only two months, and secretly supported by her mother,

after married her intention once more to acting. Her career proper would begin, after two more small roles, with Joseph Losey's *Sweet Germany* (1968).

Mia was not the only Farrow child to venture into acting. This has made a few films, debuting in James Toback's *Friday* (1976), and Stephanie appeared in Toback's *Delayed* (1986). O'Sullivan, too, continued to make the occasional film, and co-hosted for several months the *Today* show in the 1960s. Her most recent film role, and one of her most memorable, is as the mother of Hannah (Mia Farrow) in Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters* (1986).

As for Farrow, he did not make another film after *John Paul Jones*, though he did direct the occasional episode of the television Western series, *Gunsmoke* (1962). Mostly, however, he devoted his time to family and religious matters: he and O'Sullivan were particularly active in Catholic and Jewish charities.

On 28 January 1985, John Neville Williams Farrow died of a massive heart attack at his Beverly Hills home. He was survived by his wife and six of his children. Mia Farrow, who has spoken little about her father in public, has said:

[He] was a marvelous man, a person. He was remarkably knowledgeable. And though very tough, but he was gentle. He was many people at once, good and bad. He wanted to be the pope, a poet, and Chairman.²

At his best, Farrow was also an extremely fine scriptwriter and director. Few filmmakers have made movies as masterly as *White Island*, *The Big Clock*, *When Danger Lays on His Kind of Flowers*. And *Antarctic* hasn't produced so many creative gains that it can afford to ignore someone as significantly gifted as he. Farrow's lack of recognition, especially in his home country, is little short of an outrage.



FARROW & MIA (RIGHT) WITH JOHN (LEFT)
WITH JOHN FETTER AND HANNAH FETTER



FARROW ON SET OF JOHN PAUL JONES (LEFT) WITH MIA AND CAROL, (RIGHT) WITH CAROL, (RIGHT) WITH MIA

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Credited films to John Farrow and the American Film Institute Research and Information Center, *Whitehouse*, for use of its available library to Michael Price for his research and to Bill Collage (P. C. Entertainment Research) for his support and for making available several titles.

NOTES

1. Some of these films are less than an hour long, but *White Island* (MIA) is worth double even when considered a feature in the cinema's early days. Today according to most accounts a feature must be more than 60 minutes.
2. Some of the biographical details come from the entry on Farrow in Terry Ramsaye (ed.), *The International Motion Picture Almanac*, Quigley Publishing, New York, various years.
3. Bruce Pearson, "My Father" (Part 2), *John Howard Bird* (ed.), *Australian Film Guide* Vol. 1 No. 10 p. 100.
4. Tim Carven, with Pamela Dudley Belling, *Light Five Twelve and Pull Up Five Tights*, Archon Press, New Rochelle, New York, 1975, p. 104.
5. As with all four papers, from material with author 24 October 1985.
6. Early film titles mentioned in Kenneth W. Moulton (trans. ed.), *The American Film Institute Catalog of Motion Picture Production in the United States: Feature Film, 7 volumes, R. S. Barker Company*, New York and London, 1971.
7. Carven, *op. cit.* p. 104.
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10. *Cable Guide*, *Feature Film Series: A Personal History Of Mine* (Tim Agly, Pres. Of Edgar Lee Brewster) Legation Film, The United Press, New York, 1934, p. 10.
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13. David Rogers, *White House* (MIA), *Feature Film Encyclopedia*, New Jersey, 1980, and especially James Robert Threlk and Ronald L. Brown, *The MGM Book Company*, The United Press, Arlington House, New Australia, New York, 1979.
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23. *id.*, p. 62.
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VILLAGE TWIN
1000 1000

Somewhere between the previous two issues, Kodak announced a new range of improved (Tygon) filmstocks, an event substantial enough to warrant being covered in detail later. To add importance to the launch worldwide, the company reminded us that 100 years ago George Eastman supplied the first continuous lengths of motion picture film to Thomas Edison and the American film industry was born. AMERICAN UNDERSTANDINGS ran a special feature to commemorate the event in its July issue and Kodak has reprinted the article in a booklet (contact your Kodak Motion Picture Sales Representative). The significance of the part played by Eastman is justly recognized, and the reprint is valuable for some of the accompanying stills alone.

DEVELOPING THE FILM

THE CONTRIBUTION OF GEORGE EASTMAN

ALTHOUGH THE DEMERIT will continue about who invented the first practical motion picture camera, Edison was one of the most influential inventors, though there for his application of what has been called the "American method." This is a process of collective invention maintaining and guiding a large and efficient staff to work by trial and error on his projects.

As history records it, however, the role played by George Eastman in providing Edison with new film material was pivotal. For a supplier of photographic plates, making the emulsion was not a problem. His concern, and that of many of the early inventors, was in obtaining a flexible substrate for glass plates and something stronger than paper. While the development of the motion picture camera is widely known, the story of "film" is less so.

CLEARLY SUPERIOR

Finding such a material had seemed an insuperable problem. Paper proved unsatisfactory because of its texture and lack of clarity. Celluloid, which had been invented years before, seemed a possible answer, but was not made in strip form and was thick, uneven and unsatisfactorily clear. Eastman reacted in a letter to F. H. Richardson (28 March 1885) that:

...About the year 1883 or 1884, not coincident with William H. Walker... I engaged in an effort to create a system of film photography. Mr. Walker was a skilled mechanic and had had some experience in manufacturing cameras. I was engaged in the manufacture of dry plates and had had experience in the making and handling of photographic emulsions, as well as some mechanical experience...

Walker and I worked together on the mechanical problems while I tried to work out the photographic and chemical side of the enterprise. The broad idea, of course, was not new. An exposure on a glass plate is well known. For transparent paper had been made as early as 1854, the year that I was born.

In 1889 Eastman described these years of his research on transparent film:

I first conceived the process of making transparent film by coating a support with a solution of nitro-cellulose and then coating it with cambric and adhered stripping it off. Early in 1884, however, then Feb or Mar... I made many experiments in which I used bank paper with glass as a temporary support. I tried ordinary white glass plates dissolved in concentrated sulphuric acid; but glass plates did not equal paper, 10 grains of nitro-cellulose in the more or all solvent. I soon then selected a small quantity of nitro-cellulose in the solution as unable to give it more body. I coated this solution first on glass prepared by rubbing with ash, I then passed on the glass in a bath of the solution of nitro-cellulose as it would hold in a level position and allowed it to dry. I was made with some means to get a sufficiently thin layer or pellicle to serve as a final support for the emulsion as I poured on top of the film covering a solution of rubber and benzene. After drying I passed on another portion of nitro-cellulose solution and let this dry. I repeated these last three coatings 5 or 10 times endeavoring to get sufficient body to the pellicle.



GEORGE EASTMAN AND THOMAS A. EDISON WITH THE KODAK FILM CAMERA

I also made experiments by using paper as a temporary support and coating the cellulose continuously upon the paper, and after wards coating it with the emulsion. I had no difficulty in stripping the cellulose from the paper, a reliable final support for the cellulose. I investigated various publications endeavoring to find a method for making a thin enough solution of cellulose in order to get a thicker coating but I was unable to find any directions for obtaining a solution containing more than 18 or 19 grains to the ounce. The experiments that I made produced films upon which I was able to make pictures by leaving the film upon the paper support itself as the plate holder. I also stripped the prepared film off from the paper in long pieces and coated my experiments the enough to easily repeat them the previous years successfully practical use, if I could get body enough to my solution. I therefore continued my research for a suitable solution of cellulose and read everything upon the subject that I could find in the hope that I could learn how to make a solution that I wanted.

I continued my search until the month of September, 1888, at the time on the lookout for such a solution. About that time I directed our chemist, Mr. Richardson, to make some experiments with a new varnish which had been recommended to us by the varnish and film engineers. It seemed to be similar to the nitro-cellulose and came off that I had used only a few. A thicker pellicle when dried upon glass Mr. Richardson's experiments continued during October and November. Early in the month of December he came to me and said that he had discovered a method of dissolving 100 grains more cellulose in the same of solvent, I immediately told him that that was all I wanted to put my powers into commercial form.

and I immediately post orders for the construction of the necessary apparatus for running nitrate impregnated films on a constant reel axis and then they have been continuously engaged in the construction of the film.

Henry W. Reichenbach was an assistant to Dr. S. A. Langmuir, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Rochester, and had produced a nitro-cellulose solution in wood alcohol, which, when flowed into glass, gave a smooth, clear film. It was easily, however, and tended to peel from the plate. Adding camphor to the solution added strength, but it crystallized as it was heated and dried perfectly. The use of fuel oil and naphtha solved the problem, yielding an even drying, flexible, transparent film. A varnish composed of wood alcohol and soluble oxides, described by Eastman as "very thick like acetone lacquer", provided that ideal backing.

Eastman patented the formula in Kodak's name (not an uncommon practice for the time, recognizing the contribution of the employee and keeping the rights with the company). The early years of American nitrate was

marked with patent disputes, since Edison used so many individuals and enterprises (or the courts) in order to protect his monopoly and his profits, and, in 1895, the Motion Picture Patent Company was formed from the major patent-holding companies precisely to achieve full monopoly control over the market in film in America.

In May 1889, the Eastman Dry Plate and Film Company began commercial manufacture of a product that he had been working toward since 1884. A small factory was constructed quickly. The production was spread on glass-covered tables 160 feet long and 3 1/2' wide by a mechanism designed to produce a film of uniform thickness.

VERY BEAUTIFUL, TRANSPARENT AS GLASS

On 20 May the Edison lab wrote the Eastman Co. for a quote on the discount that would be allowed on a Kodak No. 1 Camera, which listed at \$25, and on getting it reloaded (processing, printing and reloading for was \$100 list). Knowing Edison's reputation, he almost certainly had to buy the camera at list price, and it was used in designing the Kinetoscope.

The person entrusted to Edison's motion picture project (it was called at first the Kinetophone because Edison was basically trying to add pictures to his already successful phonograph) was William Kennedy Laurie Dickson. It was Dickson who was responsible for reengineering George Eastman's Kinetograph and for applying it to his own experiments.

The photographic publication, *The Review*, reported in its issue of June 1889 that

just as we about to go to press we have received from ... Eastman ... a sample of the new transparent film for roll holders, and some further information. We are pleased, as soon as possible, to roll the experimental payoffs, that the use of which we shall go more fully into the subsequent step at a distance that has been made by the introduction of this film, and by its formation some of the corner squares (over), and even, in the meantime, be content with saying that the film is very beautiful, perfectly transparent, it adapts to glass, and that its square (each) weigh only 17 grains. The sample on film seems to be indeed the missing link.

The film was demonstrated in September to the New York Camera Club. A business observer was M. K. L. Dickson, who saw in the new roll film the possible answer to the problem that had balked the completion of Edison's motion picture camera. In a letter of 10 December 1889 to Dr. M. K. L. of Eastman Kodak, Dickson recalled the occasion and its aftermath:

The lecture showed his audience a small piece of the product, explaining to the great discovery ... before leaving I borrowed the lecture and begged for a sample to take to Mr. Edison, explaining the work we had in hand and the great interest for such a product to complete our Kinetograph or moving picture camera, now were fixed [in that case] to use joined up when agreed. But and the like resulted.

When shown to Mr. Edison next day he was greatly taken with the sample and told me to get on with it.

IMAGING IT RIGHT

A letter from Dickson received in Eastman Co. on the 20 November 1889 asks for the use of rolls "of your Kodak [sic] transparent film 1 1/4" wide and as long as possible ... you have spoken of 54 feet long - its well, but if you can make it double the so." Written on the margin is a request for information on a "a good method of developing the strips."

The Kinet format had not been set and his problem in developing the strips was to continue, so he went to Rochester,

where I met Mr. George Eastman for the first time. After fully explaining to him what we were doing, he entered into the spirit of the great enterprise enthusiastically, and we never let up on the work of trying to get just the right thing.

We made some journey before Christmas with each sample as produced, I rushed back to Chicago [New Jersey], used a developer, hypo fixed - then washed off most of the film ... I returned to Rochester where I am.

The problem was repeated while they tried different methods of treating the base materials and it appears that Eastman realized the importance of the project and trusted Dickson fully with his good ideas and methods. Dickson had the idea that instead of trying to coat the dry base, to coat it when it was fresh and slightly tacky. Interestingly a sample Dickson sent Eastman soon-worked better "Kodak."

Shortly after he was to complete, "The conditions used showed plainly an enlargement the coarse silver halides and lack of super-sensitization as necessary, especially when projecting." Both these faults Eastman was to overcome, but to Dickson falls the dubious honor of the first cinematographer to start the process of creation and manufacturer response that has affected the artistic results to this day. Dickson went on to photograph most of the short films used in Edison's Kinetograph, the first movie device that was first installed in New York on 14 April 1894 (usually listed as the fifty-foot lengths supplied and running at forty frames a second).

THE CHEMICALS INVOLVED

Celluloid (first used as a substitute for ivory in the manufacture of billiard balls and for primitive false teeth) was created by Englishman Alexander Parkes in 1855, and given its name by Americans John and Isach Hyatt.

Gas cotton was made by dissolving cotton or other forms of cellulose with nitric and sulphuric acids and was a highly explosive substance. Sulphuric ether was a common commercial solvent for cotton and fat, and is prepared by the reaction of sulphuric acid and ethyl alcohol.

Amyl acetate was known as banana oil, a colorless liquid it was used as flavorings and lacquers.

Flint oil is an acid, poisonous oil formed in the various distillates of alcohol. It is usually a mix of amyl, butyl, propyl and lauryl alcohols.

GAUGES

The Eastman's format was 35mm wide from the start. Edison began with 34.8 mm and, when Eastman standardized on 35mm and exposed the product worldwide, it became the standard. There were a number of 17.5 mm processes, but Kodak decided that any smaller format gauge that would be used by amateurs should not be cut down from anyone's stock. The introduction by Kodak of 16 mm in 1923 was so successful that there was almost no opposition, the 9.5 mm Pathé gauge being closer to limit in applications.

NOTE

Next time, due to space constraints this time round, "Ordnance" will print the paper *Timeline Case of Celluloid* prepared on the 100 years of film in Australia for the 21st SMPTE conference in Los Angeles in late October 1989. The emphasis in his account of filmmaking in Australia is one of ingenuity and innovation in the face of serious monopolies that were extended beyond the more commonly known feature and distribution companies into equipment and chemicals.



Charles Schulz's writings were more useful for the work of hypocrisies. When I, a 'king of' gutter life met 32-year-old Dismembered. Dismembered, his incendiary introductory words were, "I hate music and music makes ... talented bastards!"

Elaborated, *Devoreville* imitates *Raiders*'s lead, with counter-attacks and provocations directed and returned the writer's faith in fictional CRAFT KINGS, *Devoreville*'s debater figure, has a ripped torso. *Belgium*'s is an international cinema profile. At what an impressive Francis Ford Coppola that he outperformed *Devoreville*'s second film, *WALL STREET*, SPAIN, ENGLAND, captured from John Huston's use of the same movie.

It is a comedy drama set during the 1920s in Colorado and stars Joe Mantegna, Genevieve Bujard and Faye Dunaway. *Deadwood's* infectious wit and rapid pacing style (13 shots per day on both features) earned him praise from the *Zeitungs* team. Says *Deadwood's*: "They are original in a completely different way from us. They are very brave about things. And towards the end of the first week of filming, I knew better."

more relaxed. Some crew members said it was the first time they were not afraid of being fired all the time. The mix between Americans and European crew members worked well, very well.¹²

A devoted perfectionist with an interest in fiction, Deruddere is happy to work within the confines of other writers' thoughts: "Other people express themselves better on paper than I do, so why should I try to force myself to be better? People like John Fante and Charles Bukowski express themselves in a way I would never do as a writer."

DOMINIQUE PERUDBERG

"I'm very happy to work their material into film. Direction is very natural for me. I was brought up with American film of the 1930s and 40s, and filmmakers like Frank Capra, Billy Wilder and John Huston. They are the masters of simple cinema. I would like to master their secret style."

Demuth is presently immersed in researching his third feature, on Belgian colonization in Africa. He looks beyond the Belgian experience into a hemisphere of cultural dreams.

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Sandra Hall	-	Sandra Hall	8
Paul Harris	7	Paul Harris	7
Ivan Hutchinson	8	Ivan Hutchinson	8
Stan James	-	Stan James	7
Neil Jillet	6	Neil Jillet	5
Adrian Martin	-	Adrian Martin	5
Scott Murray	-	Scott Murray	-
Mike van Nierkerk	-	Mike van Nierkerk	5
Tom Ryan	7	Tom Ryan	2
Evan Williams	-	Evan Williams	6

MUOVO CINEMA PARADISO

Gianpiero Tornatore

Bill Collins	8	Bill Collins	9
Keith Connolly	5	Keith Connolly	7
Sandra Hall	8	Sandra Hall	9
Paul Harris	7	Paul Harris	6
Ivan Hutchinson	7	Ivan Hutchinson	9
Stan James	-	Stan James	-
Neil Jillet	5	Neil Jillet	5
Adrian Martin	-	Adrian Martin	7
Scott Murray	8	Scott Murray	2
Mike van Nierkerk	-	Mike van Nierkerk	-
Tom Ryan	7	Tom Ryan	8
Evan Williams	-	Evan Williams	7

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

Jim McBeath

Bill Collins	4	Bill Collins	9
Keith Connolly	-	Keith Connolly	8
Sandra Hall	-	Sandra Hall	-
Paul Harris	4	Paul Harris	7
Ivan Hutchinson	2	Ivan Hutchinson	8
Stan James	4	Stan James	-
Neil Jillet	7	Neil Jillet	6
Adrian Martin	10	Adrian Martin	8
Scott Murray	-	Scott Murray	9
Mike van Nierkerk	6	Mike van Nierkerk	-
Tom Ryan	8	Tom Ryan	-
Evan Williams	-	Evan Williams	8

PARENTHOOD

Ron Howard

Bill Collins	7
Keith Connolly	5
Sandra Hall	8
Paul Harris	7
Ivan Hutchinson	8
Stan James	7
Neil Jillet	5
Adrian Martin	5
Scott Murray	-
Mike van Nierkerk	5
Tom Ryan	2
Evan Williams	6

SEX, LIES, AND VIDEOTAPE

Steven Soderbergh

Bill Collins	9
Keith Connolly	7
Sandra Hall	9
Paul Harris	6
Ivan Hutchinson	9
Stan James	-
Neil Jillet	5
Adrian Martin	7
Scott Murray	2
Mike van Nierkerk	-
Tom Ryan	8
Evan Williams	7

THE BIG CLOCK

James Fawcett, 1945

Bill Collins	9
Keith Connolly	8
Sandra Hall	-
Paul Harris	7
Ivan Hutchinson	8
Stan James	-
Neil Jillet	6
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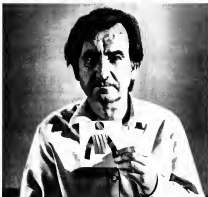
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THIS ISSUE: WORDS AND SILK,
MY LEFT FOOT, GREAT BALLS OF FIRE,
CAFFUCCINO, AND
THE HONEYMOON KILLERS.



WORDS AND SILK

MICHAEL EPP

WHEN DIRECTOR PHILIP TYNDALL set out to make *Words And Silk*, a documentary on Australian novelist Gerold Murrane, he gave himself a difficult task. How does one make a 90-minute film on a novelist without dredging out the usual clichés—the overworked author in his beach-lined study? And what does one do when both the author's life and his books are remarkable for their uneventfulness?

Tyndall's answer seems to extend the documentary to feature length and to have full confidence in his material: if Murrane's uneventful books are interesting enough to win a strong and loyal audience, then there is no reason to cut them up for the screen.

The strategy succeeds. The extra half-hour in the additional feature needed to let Murrane, a writer whose investigation of the

world proceeds by interrogation after interrogation, fully reveal himself. Nor does Murrane's silence do us in. He ignores "interview material," as the phrase has it, but time is necessary to do his mean passion. A man who announces, with no visible sign of however, that he doesn't trust because he likes to be able to open the morning paper and read the *Mirror* Glen race results requires a little attention.

Despite the film's being a profile of one of Australia's most prominent writers—five books in Murrane's credit, all still in print—Tyndall announces his three major sources of interest without a single word. Against a black screen one hears the sound of galleys; horses take into the slow click-clack of a typewriter, followed by an Irish air. It is of course Murrane typing, one-fingered, Murrane playing the air on the violin and Murrane hearing the racing horses. The next 85 minutes are a thorough exploration of these

three focal points, reproducing the extraordinary links between them that form the tissue of Murrane's imaginary world.

Archival footage of Ireland—the home of those who, though only a minority of Murrane's ancestors, have bestowed the bulk of his cultural inheritance—is the prelude. Immediately the audience's expectations are upset: the first note is ironic. The interplay between Murrane's ancestors and the footage suggests bands of Irishmen migrating to Australia by row-boat so they could find a spot where they could lay down with their girlfriends or wives away from the censoring eye of the Catholic priests. The comedy is refreshing. Tyndall immediately expelling the stuffy air that is the legacy of previous documentaries on authors.

The boldness of opening with comic humor signals Tyndall's confidence. He knows his subject—his knowledge of Murrane's work is sound, and they share a solid affinity, both being Brisbane boys well grounded in literature and deeply rooted in the daily culture of horse racing—so he has no fear that a disorienting opening will lose his audience. That points to another of the documentary's strengths. Tyndall seems his audience to have an interest in the minutiae of his and Murrane's perceptions, a trust no doubt bolstered by reaction to his previous work, *Someone Looks at Smoking*, winner of Best Documentary at the 1987 Australian Video Festival.

Part 1 of *Words and Silk* is subtitled "The Imaginary and Real World of Gerold Murrane," Part 2 "The Real and Imaginary World," and the balance of emphasis is carefully unbalanced.

Part 1 covers the author's literary world by way of his first novel, *Tamworth Row*, about a boy growing up in the Bendigo of the 1940s in a Catholic family with a father fascinated by horse-racing. The father's fascination becomes the boy's obsession.

Murrane's childhood was very similar to the boy's, but as he says with irony in Part 2, "I hate the word *autobiography*." Tyndall respects this and the conventions delicately.

ALSO: AUTHOR, PHILIP TYNDALL FILMS UP HIS OWN AND OTHERS' LIVES. BY MICHAEL TYNDALL, 75 PAGES AND ONE.

simply they are recreations from the novel, not representations of the author's life.

Documentary recreations often flounder by being neither fact nor fiction but amalgams of fiction, not deserving the suspension of disbelief/fiction-deserves Them from its context, a randomly selected passage transcribed in others dead losses screen. But Tyndall chooses judiciously – there is usually only one character engaged in a private pursuit and, following the books, there is no dialogue. And the threads are maintained, so that the boy's game, with marbles (representing horses) sailed across a lounge-room floor, is the recurrent image binding Part 1 together.

In deflating that eminently literary material onto film accompanied by the sound of Murnane's reading from his novel, Tyndall maintains fidelity to his subject while also creating something in his own right. He achieves the heavy-handed, distastefully preaching feat to show "Number one, Monastery Garden, purple shades, columns of grey, white sunlight, for the garden Clements Williams suspects is just beyond the tall brick wall of this schoolyard", runs the voice-over, while on screen the image is Murnane's secondary school, Catholic.

The middle horse race dominates Part 1 while Part 2 is dominated by real racing, just as *Timorah River* is dominated by the running of the imaginary Gold Cup. Tyndall has his on one aspect of Murnane's writing that does lend itself to film – colour. Murnane's magnificent descriptions of racing, with (more than 3000 of which he does almost daily for himself from the age of 13 to 123) are faithfully and imaginatively reproduced, along with what birds they represent, what the colours imply in Catholic symbolism, where they occur in the Catholic calendar, and what they correspond to in the Australian landscape. The colourisation is a scene where a boy describes the colour of the blue of the sky north of the Great Divide. On screen there is nothing but the colour blue. The effect of the two in tandem is extraordinary.

After writing the imaginative agenda, Gerald Murnane appears as Murnane the writer for the first time in Part 3. Setting is a director's chair in an open studio, backlit by changing fields of colour, Murnane talks of his writing. Tyndall asks no questions (nor does his voice not face appear), Murnane has scripted what he will say.

In turn lecturing, descriptive, impassioned, intense and seemingly outraged, Murnane's "performance" is absorbing, aided by skilled editing and pacing, although, surprisingly, the pace is at times too quick, if anything.

Murnane is a true observer. He says he writes in the early morning and notes, again without visible flourish, that horses do too. He tells of the creative process with a clarity few artists are capable of. He takes care to be

honest to show the inner corridors of his imagination, detailing the headings under which he writes, such as "Things that stick out of the ground" – not exactly what they taught in English Lit. And it all comes to a head (or almost half-head) with the running of the Gold Cup, Murnane revealing the enhanced beauty of a race call.

The two parts come together. Murnane's real world is the fertile field for his imaginary world, his imaginary world has its own existence while being a reflection of his real world.

Wendy And Sali is a worthy contribution to both the literary and film culture of this country. It is an object lesson in documenting a writer, an edifying and entertaining, in creating and recreating. While always letting Murnane have his say, Tyndall never loses his author's sight. I suspect this is a document a culture will treasure when Murnane is no longer here to give interviews.

WORDS AND WISE. Directed by Philip Tyndall. Producers, Philip Tyndall, John Graham. Screenplay, Philip Tyndall, Gerald Murnane. Director of photography, Brendan Leslie. Editors, Heather McIlwain, Catherine Birmingham. Based on records, Greg Hart, Ray Hadley. Sound editor, Steve Lambert. Music, Bryan Green. Music, Gerald Murnane, the Murnane Valley Drifters and Grown of Thorns. Funded by the Australian Film Commission, Greater Development Fund, and Film Victoria's Creative Industries Programme. 95 min. 35 mm. Australia, 1999.

MY LEFT FOOT

BELEN APARTAME

THE TITLES OF THE FILM ARE INDEED (how else?) but successfully place a record on a gramophone. This is the opening image in a film full of striking images, images of the intense physical effort which is the constant accompaniment of every act of

Christy Brown. The camera gradually pans up to the tortured face, then cuts between him making their way to and arriving in a noisy house and the feet doing its work. Both the theme and the film's structure are announced in this opening sequence.

The theme is to be that of the overcoming of appalling difficulties – congenital cerebral palsy in this case – as a preliminary to a life of valuable achievement – as writer and artist. The film's structure depends on our knowledge of this achievement. Interest will not, therefore, be in creating the suspense of will he or won't he make it? *My Left Foot* begins with Christy Brown (Daniel Day-Lewis) being wheeled into a charity benefit (provided over by Lord Castlereagh (Cyril Cusack), assisted by Dr Eileen Cole (Rona Shee). While a string orchestra is playing Schubert, Christy delivers the eulogy of a nurse who is reading his autobiography. She opens at the Munich-like painting of Christy's mother (Bernie Frierer) and this takes us (in flashback to Christy's birth in an austere hospital ward where a nurse tells his father (Ray McAnally) that there have been "some complications").

The rest of the film is structured in a series of flashbacks between the elegantly arranged benefit and the uneventfully modest fact of the Browns' family life in a disreputable Dublin council house. Christy's father is a brutal, inarticulate man but (in McAnally's great performance) he is also comically vulnerable and capable of unbidden moments of joy and pleasure with children. There is a similarly remarkable performance from Bernie Frierer as the worn-out working-class mother with an unbelievable belief in her son's intelligence. The rest of the numerous brothers and sis-

CHRISTY BROWN (DANIEL DAY-LEWIS) IN AN OBSCURE "CELEBRATING OUR DIFFERENCES" MY LEFT FOOT



sons, in their tolerance and love of Christy, in taking him for granted and including him on their activities, exotic with McAnally and Fricker as parent, a sense of family life as I recall in any film in years.

The family feeling is not a matter of a cozy domestic glow. This is working-class Dublin with the threat of poverty and an oppressively patriarchal system ("Don't you question me on front of the children", blames the father to his wife when he's cald off), there is pomp and grandeur (Christy is talked of as a "heroic"), but there is also accommodation to his situation. He is not isolated, not ignored, his family doesn't leave over him as is mistaken of him. The film's flashback episodes fill in very satisfyingly, notably the major steps in Christy's development, but also the richly-imagined world of feelings in which it takes place.

There have been plenty of films before about the overcoming of handicap, physical and/or psychological, of a kind that would dwarf most of us. One recalls such notable examples as Jean Negulesco's *Johnny Belinda* and Alexander Mackendrick's *Misty Boots* (centered on deaf music), John Cassavetes' *A Child in Waiting* (notably remade in children), Lewis Gilbert's *Run, Run, Run* (Douglas Butler's tale leg), David Lynch's *The Elephant Man*, and the two perhaps most relevant here, Arthur Penn's *The Miracle Worker* (the story of Helen Keller) and Gil Breslav's *Anna's Coming Out* (a physically disabled child). There is something very subtly intrusive, and somehow late, in the almost reaching about or reaching the huge normality as apart of them. In the case of Butler, Keller and Christy Brown, the is between out-pats, of course, far past "normality" that would have been remarkable enough given the nature and extent of their disability, but what they achieved, distinguished enough in any circumstances, becomes in their tale story of miracles.

When the film is based on real life stories, in several of these, the narrative interest lies elsewhere than in the outcome. We know that these people have succeeded and this knowledge is in varying degrees re-creating. The best films which have taken such conclusions in their subject matter than which give us a palpable sense of the effort involved. There is obvious and affecting drama in the great moments, the mirrored moments when a new level of apprehension is reached: for instance, when Helen Keller (Patty Duke) utters her first word, "Water," in *The Miracle Worker*, or when Christy, standing alone and a piece of chalk held in his left foot, draws the word "NOTHING".

This latter moment is marvelously realized by director Jim Sheridan, director of photography Jack Conroy and the actors, and is followed by a fairly judged scene in which Mr Brown carries Christy into the pub, telling his heavy cronies, "This is my son Christy Brown. He's a genius". All this is

done with an apt feel for the drama of the moment and the film has plenty of these. One thinks of Christy's response to Harriet's sympathy, his expression of his love for Eileen, his reaction to news of her engagement, the attempted suicide, and so on. However, it is not these obvious high spots which account chiefly for the film's power to move and hold its audience. It shares with the best of other films of its kind, and indeed surpasses them, in rendering the effortless, grueling physical effort that every small step of progress entails.

It is part of the brilliance of Daniel Day Lewis's performance to make this effort so convincing. Day Lewis clearly knows a good part when he was one and is willing to efface the charms of his glamorous on person, but there remains at stake that "having" in the conventional sense here. He seems to have subsumed the uncontrollable body and the quick, glancing, momentary mood of the unshapable Christy. He makes one feel the effort - not just to achieve how it is done by the actor but to feel the unrelenting difficulty for the character.

I heard a recent radio interview with someone (whose name and affiliations I missed) who complained at the casting of a well-known star in the role of a disabled person, suggesting that it should have been played by a disabled person. As it is, the speaker went on, we'll all be left just thinking how marvelous handsome, famous Daniel Day Lewis is in disguising himself. I am not sure of the logic of possibilities of a similarly disabled person's playing the role of Christy Brown, but can report that Day Lewis is doing something very remarkable with the role. It is not just a matter of mistakes and make up but of having felt and thought himself into the part of the character. Perhaps, too, his star presence will ensure an audience for Christy Brown's story that an unknown, disabled actor, cast for whatever suitable reasons, might have denied it.

The film as a whole hardly ever strikes a false note. An Irish film, made entirely on Irish locations, it has the right look of place and period. On a character level, it reveals a surprising subtlety and depth. The case of Christy's inability is not stated, though it may be argued that, in the treatment of drama and an apocryphal ending, his courting of the nurse, Mary Carr, is achieved with film-like rather than life-like speed. As *My Left Foot* is both a film and a life (and a well-known life), perhaps that might be. Not much thought, the general effect is understating and inspiring. One doesn't require films to be so, but they are to be valued when they genuinely are.

MY LEFT FOOT Directed by Jim Sheridan. Producer Noel Pearson. Executive producers: Paul Heller, Steve Morrison. Screenplay: Shane Gasparian, Jim Sheridan. Director of photography: Jack Conroy. Editor: J. Patrick Doherty. Production designer: Aaron Spang. Composer: Elmer Bernstein. Cast: Daniel Day Lewis, Christy

Brown, Ray McNulty (Mr Brown), Brenda Blethyn (Mrs Brown), Ruth McCabe (Mary), Fionn Shaw (Mr Eileen Gold), Emma Mulraney (Miss Brown), Alison Whelan (Miss Shelia), Brendan Coffey (Miss Tom), Hugh O'Connor (Mr Brown), Carol Conach (Lord Connelton), A. Grenville. Film production: Distributor: Roadshow. 98 mins. 35 mm. U.R. 1989.

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE!

JOHN CONNORS

JOHN LEE LEWIS is an American original. He is an important to the history of popular music as Elvis Presley, James Parker and Muddy Waters. He's such a 'n' roll. He's country. He's gospel! He's Blues. This century boy from Kentucky, Louisiana, has lived his life like one continuous roadhouse romp. The Killer is pure high-octane energy. Nobody, as the Killer likes to remind us, but nobody cuts the Killer. Lewis is, at the best of times, a demonic early reeler, a narcissistic punk, a lecherous maniac who has been to hell and back a few more times than we can imagine. Yet Lewis is a God-fearing believer who has been raised on gospel and seen the world in terms of sin and redemption. He is someone who is pure music - others seem by many in the South of the United States as the Devil's music - is a highly personal expression of a rockabilly never contained by any personal demons of sex, drug and alcohol abuse, and religious faith. Anyone who doubts this view of a has only to visit Nick Toucher's compelling portrait of Lewis' hell-raising life, appropriately named *Wolfe* (1982), or Cecil Maccas' classic study of rock 'n' roll, *My Way* (1976), to be convinced.

When we listen to Lewis' wonderfully controlled and controlled voice, we can understand the madly-filled good-time nature and how the erotic rocking sounds of the black juke joints of the musician's childhood. Appropriately enough, in the film's opening scene, we see the eager, adoring Lewis as a child (Ron Doolman), with his timid and comical cousin Jimmy Seagrass (Ryan Reynolds), at just such a juke joint burning to the spontaneous erotic sounds of a music deemed by white folk as un-Christian, sinful and evil.

As a rock paring, Lewis has his own claim. His playing, like his personality, seems predestined on the screen that he is about to explode. It is a style of rock game full of powerful boogie instrumental and exhilarating glissando stylings. Like his singing, it is ultimately raw and unbridled. Anyone who has watched Lewis perform on stage will understand that this Louisiana rocker is a consummate showman notable for his flamboyant antics and wacky (this includes his famous steady-state gesture of using a large comb to run through his hair).

As he plays his beloved piano, he uses his first, elbow and arm (if need be). There have been many times when Lewis has scrambled all over his piano like a possessed

evangelist (like his cousin), preaching the gospel of rock to his fans, avowing the lowliness of his numbers. Once, and this time for a dynamic scene in the film, Lewis even reached his piano after thirty minutes of furious rock.

Jim McBride's interest in Lewis surfaced well before the release of *Great Balls of Fire!* Besides (1983), his excellent remake of Joe Penikese's *A Deal of Soul* (1989), in which the volatile punk (Richard Gere) flees Las Vegas through the red glow of a nocturnal desert highway to the pumping (savage) notes of Lewis' monumental "Satisfaction."

It is a great moment in a movie of many fine moments. With *Great Balls of Fire!*, McBride's real interest in Lewis (Dennis Quaid) focuses on a two-year period, 1956-

certain literature on dramatic events, though he is careful to respect the spirit of the music and the period.

McBride narrows on the level of narrative action, style, mood, performance and cinematography in establishing the really redemptive character of Lewis' joyous music. This is McBride's chief concern as a filmmaker to give his viewers an overriding sense of the importance that the music has for Lewis, not only as a professional musician, but, in the fundamental sense, of salvation. His stress on this side of the legendary rock 'n' roll artist captures the more than McBride is correct to see Lewis' life and music as terms of a great conflict: between worldly sin and redemption. This conflict is what structured Lewis' public persona. Nick Touches understands the right-over world view

and piano playing. Conspicuously Jack Lewis makes the accurate point that the lyrics of Lewis' songs are used in a dramatic context subverting the plot in a significant way.

To speak of *Great Balls of Fire!* and Quaid's magnificent performance as Lewis would be comparable to discussing a movie like *Seven Years in Tiaras* without bothering to mention Tony Curtis' memorable kinetic performance as a shiny Broadway publicity agent. Quaid has a wild-eyed, intense, fiery, cocky smile, his wild-eyed look and pinning, and creates the overwhelming impression that he embodies an insatiable lust, the kind of lust that's stored in the Deep South as downright agony. The amount of research that Quaid did for the role, like studying film and video footage of Lewis' performances of the 1950s and '60s, is clearly visible in the actor's ability to register all the expressive details and gestures of Lewis' lively body language. Quaid comes across through the entire duration of the film like Woody Woodpecker on steroids.

McBride has succeeded in creating not only the vibrant, sexy and scaring sounds of Lewis' music, but he has also constructed a word and exciting image of the period which the music represents. The fluid camera work is notable for its supple capacity to weave in and around Lewis' lively life, always careful to keep the protagonist in arm's length. This results, according to the filmmaker, the thrill of being forced "into a position where you have to betray your particular vision of the story you are telling." McBride's film is a whole research carefully examined and pleasurable sense of the aesthetic, cultural and religious features that shaped rock 'n' roll in the 1950s. The conformity, abundance and wishty of the era are reflected in many key scenes and give a particular flare to the American dream. One scene has Lewis on a convertible car going along a Memphis road to the catchy, celebratory lyrics of Jackie Brenston's watershed hit number, "Rocket 88". Another flashy choreographed sequence, one that could have easily belonged to any worthwhile musical of the 1950s or '60s, unfolds around Myers' shopping spree in a department store, showcasing the goods and the obliging salespeople with her money like confetti.

Stylistically, *Great Balls of Fire!* is an excellent, stimulating movie that reflects the positive leading powers of rock 'n' roll. Its principal hyperreal look is suggestive of McBride's intention to create a movie that not only characterizes the redemptive nature of the music itself, but also makes a critical statement about the movie commercial Hollywood kind of rock biopic. It's a movie suitable for its visual and sonic dynamism. The gynaecological postcoital of the "High School Confidential" sequence, where Lewis goes to pick up Myers at her school, is a central passage in this context, likewise, the similarly kinetic sequence where Lewis



ON SCREEN, DARTING OFF INTO FROTHY BEARDS, IS DENNIS QUAIID AS JACK LEWIS. GREAT BALLS OF FIRE!

56, which frames his roller-coaster ride to fame and fortune, and his collapse in scandal when the British press finds out that he was married to his 13-year-old cousin, Myra Gale Brown (Wilma Rider). As rock 'n' roll happens go, this movie is a fairly uplifting visual and sonic experience. McBride has underwritten a brilliant work that constitutes on Lewis as a rock 'n' roll legend during that key passage in his tumultuous life. However, to expect a factually accurate and analytical presentation of Lewis' rise and his subsequent downfall is to view disappointment. The same can be said of any cinematic *Great Balls of Fire!* is a glowing word-and-sound biography of the rocker.

What director-co-writer McBride has done is to emphasize the story told in Myra Lewis' book (*Great Balls of Fire!* by Myra Lewis, with Murray Silver), which traces the love story between Lewis and Myra. McBride weaves the romantic rhetoric of the typical Hollywood rock 'n' roll biopic and takes

of heaven or hell that informs Lewis' explosive behavior.

The Miller has been a constant inspiration to me, and I've always believed that he's the last man to have been touched by the Holy Ghost of Grooves. The powers of his music — that loud, unrepentant philosophy of his. He's a Scooter told, the music through the music and across for this unknown, unknown sin without which there can be no redemption or dramatic movie-making that any redemption or dramatic known to the gay rest, the young within of good against evil without knowing, skepticism, caring to know, or refusing to know, one from the other — are more than rock 'n' roll, or whatever you want to call it. They are powers of light and dark, wickedness and strength, and they are powers that can cure and heal and cause murder. (Gail Murray, ed.), *Smash!*, 1979 p. 48.

Small wonder Lewis fascinated Dennis Quaid's life when the actor wanted to perform the songs himself. The qualities that Touches ascribes to Lewis' music are self-evident on the film's truly exciting and powerful soundtrack, which features the musician's original attacking style of singing

own setting his piano slightly with lighter skin. Another extraordinary aspect, worthwhile for its sensitive modulation of human emotions, is the tender and humorous bedrock encounter between Lewis and Myra, where Lewis states her (in a playful, caring manner) about her phobias about horror movies. There are several instances where Lewis seeks comfort alone or spends some time with Myra beyond the parental reach of her father (John Doe). Here is the quest of a successful over-late, the inner forces responsible for the passion that Lewis exhibits in behaving his roots and inner are gloriously revealed. McEneaney never fails to signal to his viewers how, for Lewis, rock 'n' roll lies at the center of human experience.

After all, Lewis has to choose between religion and rock 'n' roll when Swaggart (Alec Baldwin) challenges him to do so inside a Pentecostal church. Leaving the shocked congregation, Lewis walks out the front door of the church as his inimitable swaggering style, calling back to the fire-and-brimstone preacher, and his audience of worshippers, "Well, if I'm going to hell, I'm gonna go playing the piano." You better believe it. As McEneaney wrote, "If the day ever comes when rock 'n' roll is just a memory, Larry Lee will still be a poor stage, playing it."

GREAT BILLS OF FARE Directed by Jim McEneaney. Produced by Jim McEneaney. Executive producers: Michael Ocas, Mark Victor. Screenplay: Jack Brown, Jim McEneaney. Based upon the book by Myra Lewis, with Murray Silver. Director of photography: Anthony Russo. Editors: Lisa Day. Production Design: Kerr Lewis. Production Designer: David Nichols. Choreographers: Bill and Joyce Landrum. Cast: Dennis Quaid (Larry Lee Lewis), Willem Dafoe (Myra Gale Lewis), John Doe (J. W. Brown), Stephen Tolmachsky (John Phillips), Trey Wilson (Sam Phillips), Alec Baldwin (George Swaggart), Steve Allen (Steve Allen), Les Brown (Les Brown), Joshua Seltzer (Clay Brown), Mojo Menz (James Van Eaton), Joe Bob Briggs (Dewey Phillips). An Adam Carlin Production. Distributed: Roadshow 194 mins. 35 mm. U.S. 1988.

CAFFUCCINO

SHIRLEY BAY

CAFFUCCINO attempts some thing worthy. In the press release, the publicist describes the film as "a new Australian comedy, as fresh and as light as its title." That the film succeeds in its light is a rarity when most independent Australian films tend towards the heavy social docu-drama — films filled with gushers and the unemployed (Cory Daeja, *Days in Space*, *Greetings from Wolgan*) and other needy souls (Beloude and *Tender Meats*).

Caffuccino does seem to take a fresh stand on what's "old" like such a change in focus among viewers and *Caffuccino* must receive credit for this initiative. For with real regret, then, that here under the prism...



BALDWIN (JAMES SWAGGART) AND DAFOE (MYRA GALE) LEAVE SHOP IN ANTHONY BROWNE'S *CAFFUCCINO*.

Caffuccino is a feature in which a malfeasance of combining subplot constitutes a scattered and defused whole. The film begins with the incarcerated figure of Max (John Clayton) doing a personal retrospective. His retrospective, highlighted against a background of darkness, tells his biography with a wondrously strong to, at this point, concealed but vocal audience. We don't realize until later that Max's audience is made up of backflow narrators. They might have been more critical, because what he relates in the script of the film.

The other characters are mostly of the despatch nature which seriously hampers Sydney's inner city. Rowena Wallace, Harry Quinn and Jeanne Dreyer players choose varying degrees of personal and artistic fallacies.

Anna (Rowena Wallace) is a successful stage actress who maintains she wants to be a director. Her friend, Maggie (Jeanne Dreyer), would be happy just to land a role. Larry (Harry Quinn) is a famous soap star who lives with the constant tension of self-identification. Gela (Christina Parker) represents fishbowl-youth in pursuit of opportunity — any opportunity. She changes Max for "me" Larry. Max then inadvertently obtains a consolation role, of the police commissioner's portraitist performance, from a very desolate Ballinger (Stephen Singer). This is stolen by opportunistic Gela, presumably meaning the likelihood of remuneration. This supposedly warrants the pan-nous pursuit by the building detective Ballinger and his possible offender, Nigel (Simon Mather).

Suggestive of the café and the point at which the characters converge and interact is an unnamed coffee shop. The shop is one of the film's many competing threads, yet where is the coffee-inspired metaphor that sparked the film's title? Moreover, the café proprietor, a potentially rich cameo figure, is never explained. He is as flat as a very flat flaxseed. It is a case of script denial.

Like the people who tried to sit around

coffee shops all day, *Caffuccino* lacks direction. *Caffuccino* writers and directed by Anthony Browne, himself a coffee professor. As overlaid with rules in Browne may be, so too is his script. The innumerable rule conversation are poured into the film like light heady milk. It is weighed down with pointless punch-lines. Wallace and Dreyer spend most of the film in a seated position doing bits of conversation. When the film dissolves into scenes, each actor's pursuit of Max by Ballinger and Nigel down Oxford Street and into William Street, the director fails to make the chase convincing. The chase fades out, literally to a dead end.

The film ends when Ballinger is grand-nearly blown away by necessary mine, Gela. At the month of directorial review the camera and camera appear on screen to measure that it is a film after all. Such gestures of self-reflection are contingent upon the grand film compares being held in spellbound in their image. That is not the case here.

The plot is also surprisingly confusing over the case of changing levels of success. Larry begins the film as unknown star and enjoys a greater popularity than his friends. Maggie and Anna get lucky when one of Anna's numerous boyfriends, a psychiatrist, produces a play for which their efforts are rewarded by newspaper critics. Contrary to this development is Larry's coming from the soap network. A pivotal point is the moment when the joyously successful Anna and Maggie take a taxi driven by the megastar Larry. Or is a Larry? Thus least eclipse of fortune is lost within the vapors of the script and the uncertainty of the identity of Larry hiding under trademark threat. Caught not that to have some climactic force, if only content!

The deliberation of script and direction make it difficult to focus on the various performances. In some instances, this is a case of being let off the hook, but in others one feels the sense of sabotage. While there are doubtless moments of visually striking interaction, one feels an actor is hamstrung almost by so patchy and ill-defined a script. Clayton plays a good sort of a rebel actor; Wallace remains her vintage soap self; Dreyer and Quinn follow suit; Singer is an unappetizing resource confined like everybody by the script. Kristin Dreyer is funny as *Ernie Dreyer* is *Cherry*, for various reasons, don't bear re-examining. One wonders if the actors believed, or indeed could they well believe in their roles, as presented.

There is so much happening in *Caffuccino* conversations, low affairs, clues, investigations and intrigues, comedy, statements about the state of Sydney dramas, murder, pornography, prison and coffee. So much happens that nothing really happens. This film is flawed by its random dissemination and a lack of focused, energy symptomatic of much independent Australian filmmaking.

HAPPENING Directed by Anthony Bonanno. Producers: Anthony Bonanno, Sue Wild. Associate producers: Danny Butterham, Joanne Dryden, Darrell Lutz, Rebecca Williams, Barry Quinn, John Clayton. Screenplay: Anthony Bonanno. Director of photography: Danny Butterham. Editor: Richard Stanley. Production designer: Darrell Lutz. Composer: William Mottung. Cast: John Clayton (Max), Rebecca Williams (Anne), Joanne Dryden (Maggie), Barry Quinn (Lucy), Christian Parker (Colin), Rachel Singer (Kathleen), Simon Mathew (Poppy), Simon Bonanno (Joan), Sandra Rosenburg (Linda), Frances Scoppa (Sandra), Ernie Sings (Honey). Produced by Archer Film. Distributed: Archer Films, 55 mins, 35 mm, Australia 1989.

THE HONEYMOON KILLERS

ADRIAN MARTIN

"Narcotised gangster films, *Inside the Maple* is an example of what edges seems to be bored. Nothing in *Inside the Maple* (and the last response) seems unexplained – no violence, no competitors deemed to be inferior, for they are spelled out explicitly, leaving the recognition nowhere to roam. Characters move silently without discernible cause through sets of mid-century sets, about which the film says absolutely nothing except that they have occurred. Besides this, the film of Andy Warhol seems to settle with unobtrusive cuts and juxtapositions not to say shared patterns and references. This is pleasant, a film from beyond cinema: one film which pleases on one, which everyone calls 'baff' or 'boring', but which, despite that, is one of the few places where our euphoria of the nineteenth century actually encounters the period in which it has grown up, one of the

few places where the cinema appears more of today rather than of yesterday."

William S. Burroughs, "Violence during the Gangster", *Art of Day No. 14*.

IT IS ALMOST A STRANGE SPECTACLE when a film is placed from the past – even from the fairly recent past – and arrives, 're-released', weighed over time with a function and a significance it may not initially have had. I recall on occasion earlier this decade when the Valhalla class re-released Jean Luc Godard's *Alphaville* (1965). Each screening was 'intentionally' prefaced, before the curtains opened, with the lecture from television's *Superman* series, thus transforming the film into a rubbery bit and 'knowing' Alex Compton's parody of the values of 'truth, justice and the American way'. Such is ironic to 'rewrite' or reflect films in this way or perhaps permissible (or at least inevitable) as when Joe Savage once called our 'age of phantasies' – and in the case of *Alphaville* perhaps it was even warranted by the film itself. But the present surely becomes a little more questionable when we touch the narrative enthusiasm of so-called 'golden era' – apparently 'lost' B-film that exist, all of a sudden, only to be laughed at by young 'superior' filmgoers.

Although I'm sure some of those same filmgoers will find plenty of amusement in *The Honeymoon Killers*, Leonard Burt's only directed film comes to us, 18 years late, with a different, but closely related kind of cultural (or should I simply say 'cultural') baggage. In a nutshell, it's not being treated as 'the worst film ever made', but rather, Francois Truffaut's favourite 'American film'. For me, the headache caused by either kind of hype is of exactly the same order.

The slightest chance for me to approach *The Honeymoon Killers* with a fresh or unclouded eye has been obliterated by the fact that, over time, it has been thrust onto a certain stage, made to play a principal role in a seemingly unending cultural drama, the release of 'cultured' folk (film intellectuals, art-house patrons, young hipsters, etc.) to what is regarded as the 'uncultured' realm of B-cinema. To clarify briefly this drama is not at all 'renewed' (and the maintenance goes) futuristic need for describing the re-

view pages of *Cinema Papers*), for not one single published assessment I have read about *The Honeymoon Killers* does not play out, in a sympathetic and largely unconscious fashion, the clash of cultured viewer with uncultured film.

In the question which perfects this review, William Saut refers to a concept of 'raw film', and he might well be alluding to what the worded calls at first, meaning raw or rough art, but more particularly 'naïve' art, the art of children, the classically mad and 'primitive' or unclouded Sunday painter. 'Raw' film however has long been associated with naive art, indeed, for some comic invocation, it can seem at times that the whole of what is designated 'popular culture' is one vast well of naive artifice. Of course, as soon as something is said to be formally labelled naive, we know that there is another world from whence this labelling comes: the world of the culturally sophisticated, of those in the know, whose preferred artworks are not 'raw' in the slightest, but very smooth and unclouded indeed. This is to say, the high-art patron, when he/she confronts the 'underworld' of popular art, can seem very much like a coloniser, figuring out how to relate to the 'naïveté'.

The assumed regard of 'naïveté' – of the kind that greets a *Robert Rauschenberg* at the Valhalla or a composition society – is a distinctly straightforward, notably superior form of the cultural colonisation. More interesting and slippery, however, are those attempts by the educated to 'claim' naive popular art in more generous, hopefully 'genuine' ways. Traditionally, the world of popular culture has offered such devotees of art (films of 'popular film' included) a space of easy glib 'wisdom' – a kind of living relation to the often middle-class hall in which they have been 'cultured'. Allen S. Weiss once suggested that we focus that cultural place where 'art forgets its very name' and for critics like me, in search of 'raw film', the suggestion is truly interesting. Mightn't B-cinema allow me, at last, to begin, finally for a moment, all the protocols, value judgements and aestheticist standards of my culture, to truly take me outside of myself?

Unquestionably, this is what many commentators of B-cinema down the years have sought. Rather than letting art critics 'forget its very name' in the process, however, what often happens is that B-cinema is simply 'negotiated' upwards so that it can be, in a slightly off-hand operation, 'legitimised' as film art. The history of critical and scholarly responses to *The Honeymoon Killers* provides a remarkably clear example of this. I have already mentioned that Truffaut called it his favourite 'American film'. In fact, he talked about the film often, in many interviews, calling it on one occasion 'banal and very anti-climatic, so very cultured in the more naive very strong' (*Pittsburgh Courier*, December 1973). Gerald Frey, in the first volume



RAY (FRANKIE FORD) (OPPOSITE PAGE) AND ANNE (REBECCA WILLIAMS) IN *THE HONEYMOON KILLERS*. (OPPOSITE PAGE) (OPPOSITE PAGE) (OPPOSITE PAGE) (OPPOSITE PAGE) (OPPOSITE PAGE)

of his oft-consulted *Gail Finke* book series, presents the film for its effect of documentary realism, and its expressive cinematic style — which he claims rather resembles Truffaut's own style). There's one, the film is for Katha Burroughs in *Phoenix* (November 1988), a classic "dark-side-of-the-American-dream" type of picture (a variable anti-house genre), possessing a "solid sociological core", for Finke it is also a celebration of good old *Phoenix* — bringing it on line with the films the French-Surrealists made (like *L'Épave*), and also the American ones they admired (like Joseph H. Lewis' *Gun Gun*). Christine Carrara in *The Australian* (11 November 1989) reassuringly adds that, in contrast to those who might assume the film is "immoral" (cheap and nasty), it is "actually a very moral movie". She quotes not only Truffaut but Australian (at least) "one of the great film fanzines" too.

Now, imagine in your mind's eye this composite movie — realist, humanist, complex, moral, pure, true, sincere, a strong tone, like a Chabrol or a Breussé perhaps — and then go see *The Australian*. Better bear in mind the possibility that the B-movie you see will not necessarily correspond to the A-movie you have been promised for. For there are, it seems, a hundred ways of wronging the film of *Australian*, and all of them have been performed on this film. But let us not dwell on the "badness" of the movie — another by justifying it as "realism", not by minimising it as necessary to the film's "realism" thematic interest. Badness, and ugliness, are at the core of this film — ugly people, cheap sets, bad acting, clumsy scenes, and a mark-

edly unattractive (and hence truly unattractively unattractive) post-office". The very badness — arising from what Routt calls an excess of "humanism" — is especially what is most troubling about the film. This tale — of an only man and a fat woman who travel about America finding rich widows to marry and then to kill — is also one that leaves the imagination nowhere to roam, and the "critical faculty" no secure intellectual or ideological position to take up. The film is a mess — a cheap, confused, hypocritical mess. It is on this level that I think it should be valued.

In *The Australian* Karel's "nause" film? Notwithstanding the evidence of Karel's occasional separation towards "culture" (evident mainly manifested by the occasional blast of a few bars of Mahler on the soundtrack, how "modernist" this can sound is, today, after three decades of Godard's and "total" comment), the film does seem to possess that essential ingredient which so many true believers of the Baroque have searched far down the years: the quality that the Surrealist value discards: all often, inevitably, spontaneously, inevitably, real and culture. This is, perhaps, what separates, ultimately, "cultured" from "uncultured" films. A filmmaker like Paul Morrisey can exploit (brilliantly) the progress of "half" acting in films such as *Must Be Dead*, but his work will always be, to those faithful to the Baroque impulse, contrived, pretentious, too refined. Godard might try to emulate the fluency of Baroque in order to depict the "essential beauty" of the everyday world in films like *Vivre en Vie*, but Roger Corman's *Savage Girl* will always count as the real thing, the fever,

embodiment of modern alienation. Truffaut was perhaps dead right on this point, when he described *The Phenomenon Karel* as "anti-Baroque", and hence impossible for a European filmmaker to conceive or make, burdened as he is with the baggage of "culture". But we are all all, sophisticated colonialism in this regard, all we understand and potentially "modern" filmmakers, violently distinct from the "real" world, and the real cinema, that we lose.

As I have tried to suggest, it is perhaps this very "anti-Baroqueism" infused by culture that some of us hope to lose when we plunge ourselves into the murky pools of B-cinema. What a deadly paradox, then, that the adaptation for *The Phenomenon Karel*, inevitably today, proceed via an appeal such as "Truffaut says go see it!", for could there possibly be a more *anti-Baroque*, more "cultured" instance of "art house" type unimaginable? It would be better by far to hang outside any hall which screens this film, using encouraging patterns: abandon your culture, go who enter here.

THE PHENOMENON KAREL Directed by Leonard Kastle. Producer: Warren Keibel. Screenplay: Leonard Kastle. Director of photography: Oliver Wood. Editors: Sam Wences, Richard Brophy. Music: Gino/Melvin. Cost: Shirley Seider (Martha Beck), Tony Lofthouse (Ray Fremont), Mary Jane Hughes (Janet Ray), Scott Roberts (Henry), Ray McKeown (Delphine Dubois), Maudie Chen (Myrie Young), David Beckwith (Mrs Beck), Barbara Green (Kerby Long), Ann Harris (Bern), Mary Bevan (Mabelle Downing). A Baroque production. Distributor: Mark Spott. 115 mins. 35 mm. U.S. 1989.

VIDEO RELEASES

• CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

oppressed monarch (Jennifer Clure) who in another era, would have been played by Agnes Moorehead, a fine man debauched by an infatuated doctor, unable to produce a heir to the family fortune, hence, tragedy; and two men in love with the same woman. Unfortunately, this period melodrama is enlivened with the energy, style and momentum of the modern instrumentation of *Pollock*. This recipe doesn't even get to summer with its tedious-melancholic pace, baroque acting style, an overload of heavy clichés and directed flames that fails to extract even a flicker of interest from the potentially diverting subject-matter.

SPIRITS OF THE AIR GREMLINS OF THE CLOUDS

Director: Alex Proyas. Producers: Alex Proyas, Andrew McNeil. Screenwriters: Alex Proyas, Peter Smalley. Photography: David Ross. Editor: Craig Wood. Distributor: Home Cinema Group. Cast: Michael Lake, Melissa Davis, The Norm.

First feature by Australian Film, Television and Radio School graduate, Alex Proyas,

which was completed in 1988. Described as a "romance of the ironic", the film recounts the story of a crippled man (Michael Lake), who lives in the desert with his religious sister (Melissa Davis), and who dreams of fitting in as a flying machine of his own invention.

WATERFRONT

Director: Chris Thomson. Producer: Bob Wenz. Screenwriter: Bob Gadsdon. Photography: Dan Burnell. Editor: Edward McQueen. Music: Cam. Jack Thompson. Grade: Grade A. Distributor: Home Cinema Group.

This 1985 television mini-series is based on the waterfront crisis of 1988. Against the backdrop of rising unemployment and a world-wide economic recession, the Melbourne waterfront workers strike rather than accept poorer working conditions. The situation is further complicated by the arrival of conservative Prime Minister Bruce, who orders "wicks" to work. Most of the "wicks" are newly arrived immigrants from southern Europe, and are unaware they are being used in political ploys. The complex mini-series, running approximately 200 minutes, has been released on a single cassette.

WITH LOVE TO THE PERSON NEXT TO ME

Director: Brian McKenna. Producer: Brian McKenna. Screenwriter: Brian McKenna. Photography: Ray Ansell. Distributor: Home Cinema Group. Cast: Ray Genge, Sally McKenna. Paul Glavin.

A lonely taxi driver (Paul Glavin) encounters his isolation when he helps his neighbour (Sally McKenna) and her lover (Ray Genge) with "odd jobs" involving the transport of television from warehouses at night. Low-budget feature by the well-known documentary filmmaker; Brian McKenna (*It's Not Home for Christmas*).

WITH PREJUDICE

Director: Edwin Storm. Producer: Ben Cantelero. Screenplay: Leon Saunders. Photography: Peter Ray. Editor: Michael Newman. Director of Music: Cinema Group. Cast: David Slingby, Scott Burgess, Terry Sore.

Made in 1982, *With Prejudice* is a dramatized reconstruction of the 1978 trial of three Azania Mungu members charged with conspiracy to murder right-wing activist Robert Carron.

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AUSTRALIAN TELEVISION DRAMA SERIES: 1956 - 1982

Compiled by Albert Moran, *Australian Film, Television and Radio Board*, Sydney, pp. 198, 222p., \$19.95 (plus \$2.00 postage and handling)

CIN. FREEDMAN

IT HAS BEEN OBSERVING IN recent times to have greeted the arrival of such useful filmographies as *Master Movies* and *Signs of Independence* (reviewed in early 1989 editions of *Cinema Papers*). Now another timely reference publication has appeared, *Australian Television Drama Series: 1956-1982*. This is a checklist of information painstakingly compiled by Griffiths University media lecturer, Albert Moran, over a number of years and finally released by the Australian Film, Television and Radio Board.

Although *Australian television* comprises an immense amount of prime coverage, good reference books on the subject are rare (try obtaining a copy of *Cinema Papers' own* publication *Australian Television: The First 25 Years* (1981), for example). Albert Moran has already made a sensible contribution to the subject with his *Cinema Press* publication *Making a TV Series: the Jeffery Project* (1983), *Images and Industry: Television Drama Productions in Australia* (1985) and (with John Talbot) *A Country Practice: Quality Soap* (1986). This latest work is the greatest of his research for the 1989 volume. It is designed, simply, 'to represent greater awareness of Australian television drama series'. Moran justifies the need for this checklist by comparing the output of Australian television over the past thirty years to that of the *Australian (Feature?) Film Industry* over the same of the century. He points to the examples of *Monash*, *Number 96* and *A Country Practice* all of which have clocked up more than 500 hours. On a quantitative basis at least, 'Australian television deserves all the attention it can get.'

Similarly, a glance at *Images and Industry* reveals Moran's leaning towards drama as emanating from the fact that it dwarfs the time and attention screen pay to any other kind of television. Within that genre, the series has emerged as the dominant form of television drama. Far from being mere on-camera fare, Moran sees it as the 'prototype form of television'. Qualifying series as 'attempts to document its evolution over the past thirty years, however', has been the lack of easily accessible data about the programmes themselves. *Australian Television Drama Series* goes some way towards rectifying this problem.

For Moran, it has involved extensive viewing ('thinking my way through dozens

of political series such as *Comrade Fear*, *Verdict*, *Highland* and *Devine Court*, with an episode of *Johnny O'Keefe's Sing Sing Sing* on a youthful John Lawe' Sturtis thrown in for desert-ty, interviewing and locating and sifting through company records. This massive research task commenced as long ago as 1977, by which time 'black and white series had disappeared off our screens as quickly and completely as clear films once vanished from cinema after the arrival of colour.'

Given the attention rate of much of Australian television output and supporting documentation, Moran found particularly useful source material in two perhaps unlikely places, the programme listings of the (now-defunct) TV Times and the basement at Granada where the company's 'immortal file film' (often their programmes) were superior to those at Granada. Overall, of course, the amount of information available to Moran varied enormously and this is reflected in what has been included in the final checklist.

The individual series entries range accordingly from less than a third of a page (*Flash Mob from Australia*, et al) to two or three pages (*A Country Practice: The Gallows*). Entries are arranged alphabetically by title, with standard information (where it exists) for each series: a one-line synopsis, number of episodes, length, production company, date of first broadcast, format, and cast and crew details. In terms of chronology, the series begins with *Take Two* first broadcast (in Melbourne only) in 1957, and concludes with *See and Smother* (1982). The very 1986 entry for *Rita and Molly* makes more sense when the date is interpreted a little. Moran's doesn't yet embrace comedy series - such as the short-lived spinoff from *My Name's McGooley - What's Yours?*, and some children's programming, despite the frequent tendency to regard these as separate categories.

There are 182 entries in all and the book concludes with a 15-page personality index for cast and crew, arranged neatly by role: actors, art directors, editors, and so on. A quick perusal of the index reveals the extensive contribution to Australian television drama made over the years by such individuals as Oscar Whitford, Howard Griffiths, David Harrison, and Ian and Henry Crawford, as well as the durability of actors like Carmen Duncan, Peter Senger, Rowena Milne, Harold Hopkins, Ken James, etc. It also provides financial support for some of the views advanced by Moran in *Images and Industry* for example, the *Australian Broadcasting Commission's* funded commitment to adapt news drama. Of the 182 series listed in *Australian Television Drama Series*, no less

than 77 have been ABC productions. By comparison, the 'Big Two' - *Granada* and *Granada* - account for 89 series over the same period, with ATN7 the next best with a total of 10.

The pity is that such a handy publication is confined to drama series only - no listings of one-off dramas - the tele-fictions or short financial works, nor reference to the more 'serious' fare of news, current affairs, documentaries, educational programmes - despite Moran's claims in *Images and Industry* for the ubiquity of narrative across the whole range of television output. The cut-off date of 1982 is also somewhat of a puzzle, given that *Images and Industry* provides title listing of all drama series produced in Australia to the end of 1984 and the annual *Screen Directory* now carries similar information as well.

For any comprehensive study of the drama form in terms of its presentation on the box, of course, the more recent period (not covered by *Australian Television Drama Series*) is an important one, coinciding with the full flowering of the mini-series, the advent of new players (Rob West, the Melbourne, the South Australian Film Corporation and, particularly, Kennedy Miller), and the gradual involvement of subjects concerning national identity and mythologising from the big to the small screen. The fact that a reference work published in 1989 contains a checklist of such tele-dramas in 1981 suggests the difficulties involved in preparing data of this kind.

It also points to the chronic need for publication(s) to take the bulk and common-sense (or series of texts) which provide researchers in media analysis with annotated lists enhancing all forms of Australian television production over the past thirty years. One longs for a total equivalent to the three-volume *Encyclopedia of Television* by Vincent Torman (New York, 1986) which covers all US series, pilots and specials produced from 1957 to 1984. For the present, we can only commend Albert Moran for undertaking the initial groundwork in this formidable research territory and the AFTRS for making a generally accessible.

AUSTRALIAN FILM COMMISSION PUBLICATIONS

ATTACHED TO ILLUSTRATION A SURVEY OF ADVERTISING

Colleen Appleton, with assistance from Ann Morrison, Communications Law Centre, and Graham Hughes, Australian Film Commission, 32 pp., June 1989
Looks at how the television advertising industry works, and then afterwards, agency media buyers and stations relate to one another. It contains in particular 'advertiser's' attitudes to users, concerns and practices in the industry.

FROM PAPER TO PAPER

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch,
October 1989

A series of books on "Manufacturers/Telecomers" (44 pp.), "Producers" (30 pp.) and "Consumers" (32 pp.), which chronicle all production costs or in pre-production costs 1985. Includes principal credits, plot synopsis and genre coding.

THE HOME VIDEO INDUSTRY REPORT

A Report for the Australian Film Commission

Gary Moffitt and David Court, in association with Entertainment Business Affairs, Australian Film Commission, 46 pp., June 1989

Examines the size of the home video market in Australia, and its impact on cinema distribution and exhibition, television broadcasters and the local production of feature and television.

The report also looks at whether there are parallels between home video and pay television and, if so, whether these parallels provide some insight into the likely impact of pay television if it is introduced in Australia.

CAVAL PAYS A CASE STUDY IN PAY TELEVISION

John Tydeman, a report prepared for the Australian Film Commission by E.F. Marketing, 63 pp., September 1989

A report commissioned by the Australian Film Commission on the French pay-television operation, Canal Plus, which is the only pay-TV service in France. It is primarily aimed at and contains more than 50 per cent of French subtitles and, after only five years' operation, it is the most profitable such operation in the world. Of particular relevance are Canal Plus' obligations to support the local film industry. As a result, it has become a major producer and co-producer of French film.

BOOKS FOR FILMMAKERS

INTERNATIONAL FILM AND TELEVISION MARKETS

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 8 pp.,
revised, not dated

A guide to the international film and television markets. There are sometimes held in conjunction with festivals such as Cannes, or separately, such as MIFED and the American Film Market. Full details on background, registration requirements, freight and advertising costs etc.

INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL GUIDE

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 13 pp.,
revised, November 1989

A detailed, annotated listing of world film festivals, with a handy section on "What You Need". The booklet clearly states what the festival operators in and their listings of previous Australian entries is a good guide to what they may select in the future.

MARKETING DOCUMENTARY PROGRAMMES INTERNATIONALLY

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 8 pp.,
revised, October 1989

Lists international sales agents, specialist agents in the U.S., Canada, Europe and Asia, and UK non-theatrical distributors. All agents have addresses and contacts.

EUROPEAN CABLE SERVICES: A GUIDE

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 8 pp.,
revised, August 1989

A listing of European cable services with, of course, contact details, as well as a guide to the likely profits paid by each service.

U.S. NON-THEATRICAL DISTRIBUTORS

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 8 pp.,
revised, August 1989

A listing of non-theatrical distributors in the U.S. with address details and areas of acquisition interest.

USA CABLE SERVICES: A GUIDE

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 8 pp.,
revised, August 1989

A listing of U.S. cable services, with addresses and information of each service's special interests.

BOOKS FOR BUSINESS

INTERNATIONAL AGENTS FOR AUSTRALIAN TELEVISION PROGRAMS

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 10 pp.,
revised, October 1989

INTERNATIONAL AGENTS FOR AUSTRALIAN FEATURE FILMS

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 7 pp.,
revised, October 1989

INTERNATIONAL AGENTS FOR AUSTRALIAN FEATURE FILM

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 13 pp.,
revised, October 1989

NORTH AMERICAN DISTRIBUTORS FOR AUSTRALIAN FEATURE FILMS

AFC Marketing and Communications Branch, 20 pp.,
revised, October 1989

To obtain any of the above publications, contact the nearest office of the Australian Film Commission or ring 061 55 5140.

BOOKS RECEIVED

WITH DAVIS, AN URBAN MENACE

Ray Menley, Sideways Of Jackson, London, 1989, 192 pp., \$4, 95c

Menley was a devoted fan of actorin Betty Davis and "after a highly remarkable series of events he formed a friendship" with her. This is his account of a friendship that almost led to marriage.

THE CINEMATIC TEST: METHODS AND APPROACHES

A. Robert Palmer (ed.), ABC Press, New York, 1989, \$4, 42c

A collection of essays on (1) filmic narrative and the non-narrative; (2) the filmic image; (3) filmic self-referentiality and (4) contemporary critical methods in cinema study. Authors include Robert Stam, David Bordwell, Robert Sklar, Janet Staiger and Peter Brunette, and films covered in detail include *Shogun*, *One Upon a Time in America* and *The Godfather*. Topics cover, amongst others, "American Film Narrative in the 1960s", "Feminist Film Criticism", "Hollywood's New Cinema", and "Televisual Translanguaging and Film Criticism: The Ideological Impact".

MOVIE REVIEW GUIDE

Lesley G. Rogers (ed.), The Farian Press, San Ardo, Michigan, 1989, \$4, 95c

Volume 1 (October 1989) and is a complete guide to reviews of motion pictures. (Clara Rogers is the only Australian film journal to be indexed in it.) It is an invaluable reference, though occasional errors occur. Here, one finds Marco Bellocchio's film of *David in the Flesh* confused with the American film version.

OLIVER

Anthony Holden, Sphere Books, London, 1989, \$4, 42c

Paperback version of Holden's highly lauded biography of the great English actor. Anthony Oliver called it "A superb book... witty... spiritual... definitive".

TV SCENE DESIGNER HANDBOOK

Carol Williams, Paul Press, London and Boston, 1989 illustrated with numerous sketches and photographs, \$4, 49c, 95c

A revised edition of *Scene TV Design* first published in 1975. It is a comprehensive source book summarizing the principles and practice of set design, and encompasses the details of design approaches, structures, and staging methods.

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Food, emergency	Michael Wilson (P)
Principal Graham	Village Residents
Director	Alan Miller
Deputy	Stanley D'Yonko
Assoc. president	Carlton Barker
Assoc. president	Greg Tocco
D.O.B.	David Marano
Assoc. secretary	John Smith
Editor	Ann Orsini
Planning and Development	David Halpin
Editor	Chris Hoffman
Production Crew	
Food, manager	John Shandera
Food, secretary	Bridget Connelley
Unit manager	Barry Bell
Assoc. vice manager	Robert Hughes
	Kim Ryan
Food, unit sec.	Annella Plante
Food, unit secretary	Sharon Boudreau
Food, unit, coordinator	Marlene G. Tocco
Food, administrator	Joey Smith
	Lynne Smith
Village Board, rep.	Donald D'Yonko
Current Crew	
Current operator	Bridget Shandera
Person pulled	David Connelley
Chapman leader	Greg Tocco
Current assistant	David Polak
Secretary	David Connelley
Unit sec. D.O.B.	David Miller
Key group	Barry Orsini
Assoc. group	Danette Marano
	Mal Jones
Editor	Barry Miller
Editor	Wick Adams
	Barry Connelley
Current Crew	
Unit sec. director	David Barker
Unit sec. director	Wick Adams
Unit sec. director	Lee Tocco
Director	Carlton Barker
Assoc. secretary	David Marano
Assoc. secretary	David Marano

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Prod. company	Brooklyn Films Lobby Films
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Director	Don Mullenback
Producer	Don Mullenback
Co-producers	John Hollingsworth Les Leifberg
Script producer	Joe Roth
Screenwriter	James Newman
Music	Alfred Newman
Sound recording	David Clark
Supervising editor	Alfred P. Fried
Prod. designer	Paula Bruck
Costume designer	Billy Appleby
Planning and Development	
Story	Gary Appleby
Script	Ed Mullenback Richard Gilchrist
Release strategy	
Production crew	
Prod. manager	Frank Reicher
Prod. assistants	Joan Rosen Michael Wolf
Production art.	Kenneth James Newman
Prod. asst.	Nell McCarr
Location manager	Leigh Annenbush
Unit manager	Malcolm Hunt-Harris
Director	Joseph Douglas James Kelly Nicholas Lee
Assembly release	
Completion, prints	Mitnick
Postproduction	Patricia Quaresima
Art consultant	Joanna Fisher May Miller
Art withn. coord.	Robert M. York
Transport captain	Colin Gifford
Camera crew	
Prod. public	Marvin Walker
Camera-standby	Frank Rosen
Stand-by	David Perlman
Prod. asst.	Michael Hughes
Prod. asst.	Frank Rosen
Electric	Michael Minkowitz Stan Gotsman Earl Branson James Brown Teresa Rogers
Sound crew	
Lab. asst. director	John Rothstein
Lab. asst. director	Paul Asanowitch
Lab. asst. director	John Rosen
Engineering	Ann Berenson
Boom operator	Clara Goldwasser
Mixer	Miguel Ruiz
Lab. mixer	Ann Kaplan
Sound mixing	Wesley Wilkerson
Special. eff. coord.	Edna Holmes
Sound coord.	Clara Goldwasser
Lab. eff. coord.	Ann Berenson
Music	Alfred Newman
Lab. with. phony	Ron Kibben
Lab. with. phony	Thomas Carver
Lab. publicity	Tom Johnson
Driver	Ann Berenson

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Exec producers	Al Clark
	Philip Garlick
Assoc producer	Jeremy Hay
Scriptwriter	Donald Allen
D O P	Jill Duffell
Sound mixer	David Lee
Editor	Henry Dunlop
Post producer	John Lee
Current designer	Russ Ege
Planning and Development	
Casting	Paul Martin
Production Office	
Post coordinator	Robert Bennett
Location manager	Hugh Johnson
Post coordinator	Anthony Puma
Artisan unit	Diana Wallace
Camera Crew	
Post producer	Ray Phillips
Chaperone/leader	Richard Bradshaw
Key grip	Leslie Halsey
Art grips	Tony Cook
	Stephen Gray
	Ray Gurney
	Gary Hill
	Allen Houston
Gaffer	
Electrician	
Box boy	
Costume crew	
Is unit director	Chris Webb
Is unit director	Henry Coleman
Is unit director	Maria Phillips
Counsellor	Jo Fenton
Production manager	Ken Parker
Production	Wendy Pearson
Production	Ashley Williams
Script coord	Gloria Hamilton
Is unit photographer	Jon Rowley
Unit production	Shelley Walker
	Susan Wright
Art Department	
Art director	Sam Clardy
Props buyer	Jack McLachlan
	Jon Elworthy
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe	Susan Bennett
Wardrobe unit	Russ Ege
	Russ Ege
Construction	
Set construction	Phil Murphy
Set construction	Joan Murphy
Postproduction	
Musical director	Markus Ayres

[illegible]

Table 1

[illegible]

TITLE **PROJECT NUMBER** **REPORT NUMBER** **DATE**

David, son	divorced (prosecutions)	Edman	Bill Murphy	Dec. 10, 1994	Cornwall Television, Inverness	Edwin Muckle
Daughter	Phoebe America		Karen McLennan	Pre-production	7 August 1999	Kathryn Macdonald
	Catharine Miller		Phil Reid	Production	10 October 1999	James Hamilton
	Walter Gordon	Second camera	Clara Burns	Post production	12 March 2000	Scott Cox
Edmund, daughter	Jan Gilmore		Michael Gordon	Delivery	20 July 2000	Emma Hamilton
Producer	Stanley White	Post-prod. support	David Williamson	Test	Mid-2000	Edna, John Cox

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